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EGYPT.

THE very complicated affairs of Egypt have all in their various ways moved a little during the past week. It would be rash to say that they have advanced, for the direction in which they are going is still as mysterious as ever, and, as far as can be seen, their motion may be only in a circle; but they do move. The Nile expedition is still directly the most interesting object on the scene to Englishmen, and indirectly to all Europeans in any way connected with Egypt. Everything more or less depends on that undertaking. It is, therefore, in some degree satisfactory to know that, whether or not it is in useful motion itself, it is a source of considerable movement in others. Staff officers, drafts from regiments at home, nurses and Canadian boatmen, are daily arriving at Alexandria. Boats, ammunition, and creature comforts are being literally poured into the country. Up to the present, too, there have been comparatively few of those complaints of bad stowage, bad stores, and discreditable omissions which are usually heard at an early date in the course of any military undertaking entrusted to the guidance of the English War Office. If the expedition is to start at all, it will apparently be amply well provided with all things necessary. If only the fates are kind, and give time, the force now collecting may be trusted to reach Khartoum. The most remarkable doubt among the many which hang over the prospects of the expedition can scarcely be said to have been wholly cleared away. Nobody need be surprised that there has been no confirmation of the startling story of Lord WOLSELEY's recall, but it is by no means certain that he may not return before the end of the month. Of course he will come back of his own free will, and not at all because he is summoned home. As this is just one of those half measures and ingenious little subterfuges which have distinguished the doings of our Ministry in Egypt from the beginning, we may still hope to see the Adjutant-General at his post again before many weeks are gone.

Meanwhile it is in the last degree doubtful whether time and tide will be good enough to wait until Lord WOLSELEY has got into order all the innumerable tools he requires before he can set to work. It is always well to receive the stories brought down the Nile from the Soudan with extreme caution, but there is at present too much reason to believe that long before the expeditionary force has conquered the immense difficulties of organization and transport still in its way, those whom it is to be sent to relieve may be beyond the reach of help. Mr. POWER's despatches were in many respects encouraging; but they made it very clear that General GORDON would find himself in want of provisions at an early date. Later reports go to show that his need is already upon him. The news of his attack upon Berber looked at first like a continuation of former successful operations against his besiegers. It was, besides, only the execution of an avowed intention. Still, on reflection, there seemed reason for doubting whether the news was wholly satisfactory. General GORDON was scarcely in a position to occupy the town with an army which runs away in hundreds on the appearance of half a dozen Arab horsemen. It was easy enough for him to shell it from the river; but its destruction would not, in itself, be any gain to the garrison of Khartoum, and might put a new obstacle in the way of the expedition. The operation was, however, easy enough to explain on the supposition that General GORDON had very strong reasons for clearing the river and opening communication with the advanced

post of the army of occupation at Dongola. These reasons could only be want of provisions and pressing need for immediate help. When it was reported that Colonel STEWART had gone north down the river, this explanation seemed more probable than ever. If it is the true one, there can be no doubt that the attempt has failed most disastrously. The most sceptical or the most hopeful of Englishmen can scarcely retain much disbelief in the account of Colonel STEWART's death. The shipwreck, the treachery of the natives, and the murder of the English officer were all highly probable events. Major KITCHENER, who is better placed to learn the truth than any other Englishman, is reported to have no further doubt. It may, therefore, be thought too likely that another agent of England has lost his life uselessly in the miserable Egyptian welter. Neither need there be any hesitation in deciding on the motives which induced General GORDON to send him on his dangerous mission. Except as a last resource, and in the hope that the representations of the Colonel might hasten on the expedition, General GORDON would scarcely have parted with the one trustworthy military officer he had to help him in the task of getting some services out of his garrison of cowards. Much has already been done at Khartoum with inadequate means, and there is perhaps no reason to despair wholly; but there will be no cause for surprise if the next news is that starvation has done what the soldiers of the MAHDI could not do, and that a disaster more disgraceful than any which has gone before has befallen the country. With this prospect before us, it is impossible to read of all the elaborate preparations going on for the lagging expedition without some impatience. Neither is it easy to avoid drawing comparisons between the general who was sent almost single-handed to lead a mob of cowards, and who has held his ground in spite of insufficient means, and the other who cannot move a foot without ransacking Great Britain and the Colonies for boatmen and boats, marmalade, champagne, and bottles of brandy. It is not with him, however, or with any subordinate officer, that the responsibility must rest, but with a Ministry which refuses to accept the consequences of its own acts, or to undertake a manifest duty until it is too late.

The affair of the Sinking Fund is also going on its way. The agents of the European Powers most interested in the debt have duly applied to the proper court, and have obtained their order to the Pashas. In itself that does not signify much. The Powers might be expected to take all the necessary measures for protecting the interests of their subjects. They are fully entitled to apply to the Courts, and have done so as a matter of course. When the application was once made the legal authorities had no choice as to whether or not they would use the powers given them by the treaties. An appeal and a final decision will follow in due course. The settlement of the difficulty, however, cannot possibly be left to law courts which must be well aware of the formal nature of their proceedings. Their one sanction is the determination of the Treaty Powers to uphold their authority. Whether the statesmen of the Continent will decide to exercise their undoubted right will, however, depend mainly on political and financial considerations. The one interest which the Powers of the Continent have in Egypt is that their subjects should be secured in the possession of their property. France has some sentimental interest; but there is no reason to suppose that neighbouring Powers will feel called upon to defend them. It is all a question of money and of security for the due payment of coupons. The duty of

finding a satisfactory settlement rests with the English Government, which has the means and which is responsible for the present muddle. Nothing has happened which has weakened the reasons for supposing that the Continental Powers are disposed to accept an arrangement. They have everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by obtaining the guarantee of England for the payment of the interest on the Debt. It is, of course, self-evident that the Powers will ask for some security that the present system of half-measures and sham responsibility is to come to an end. The English Government has it in its power to give the security, and, unless it is prepared to sacrifice national interests and prepare future troubles out of mere obstinate adherence to a theory, it cannot refuse. If Lord HARTINGTON, when he told the meeting at Rawtenstall that Egypt was to be evacuated, and soon too, was really stating the intentions of the Ministry, it is not only possible, but probable, that the order of the Egyptian Courts may be supported by the combined action of the Powers in a way which will be dangerous to this country. Lord HARTINGTON, however, has made the promise of evacuation so often that it has become a species of formula. Meanwhile, the very probable report that Lord NORTHBROOK has recommended the suppression of the Egyptian army is, if true, a hopeful sign. The abolition of a force which costs a great deal of money, and has never been of the least use, is in itself a gain; but the recommendation, as it is called, is chiefly welcome as a proof that the English Government has taken one more step towards that open assumption of responsibility which it is continually deprecating and continually approaching.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE contest for the American Presidency, though it will be decided in three weeks, appears to excite little interest in the United States. It is true that great crowds throng to hear Mr. BLAINE's short speeches as he passes from one Western city to another, and that Mr. CLEVELAND's adherents, on the other hand, applaud his determination to prefer the sedulous discharge of his official duties at New York to an active participation in the canvass. Mr. BLAINE has been obliged to give up the promiscuous shaking of hands which is incumbent on an active candidate; and, like other orators on circuit, he perhaps wastes his eloquence in preaching to disciples who are already converted. His followers probably abstain from the study of hostile journals, assuming either that no explanation of Mr. BLAINE's railway transactions is required, or that it is not creditable for a high functionary to use his influence in securing pecuniary advantage to himself. Mr. CLEVELAND has been virtually acquitted by his fellow-citizens at Buffalo of the charges which have been brought against his private character. As similar accusations are brought against almost every successive candidate for the Presidency, it is perhaps prudent to disregard each particular imputation. Mr. TILDEN was eight years ago denounced as guilty of vulgar dishonesty; yet he would have commanded the unanimous vote of his party if he had consented to become a candidate on the present occasion. The great bulk of Republicans and Democrats will vote with their respective parties, though the independent seceders from the Republican cause are eminently respectable, and may perhaps be numerous enough to decide the election. Both parties are looking with interest to a State election which is about to be immediately held in Ohio. An ex-President has in that State taken an active part on the side of Mr. BLAINE. At the close of his term of office it was a standing joke among facetious Democrats that every citizen, or every Republican citizen, of that State had been appointed to a place. It is probably true that Mr. HAYES has established a title to the support of a considerable number of grateful partisans. The actual PRESIDENT seems to have maintained a neutral attitude during the contest, feeling perhaps no enthusiastic sympathy for a candidate by whom he was himself defeated. In the not improbable contingency of a Republican victory in Ohio, Mr. CLEVELAND's supporters profess confidence that the vote of New York will decide the election in their favour. Since the adhesion of KELLY and of Tammany Hall to the cause of the regular Democratic candidate, there is little doubt that the party will carry the State.

There is still some uncertainty as to the course which the Irish voters may be induced to take. Mr. PARNELL's

mother appeared on the platform at one of the Cleveland meetings to declare that the Nationalist leaders still adhered to the party with which the American Irish have been long and closely allied. On the other hand, the extreme anti-English demagogues not unnaturally declare their preference for Mr. BLAINE. There is no doubt that the Republican candidate on this occasion is more likely than his competitor to provoke diplomatic complications. A nervous American patriot might perhaps feel dissatisfied at the frequent subordination of national issues to the interests and passions of immigrants who have not yet forgotten their indigenous feuds. It is true that American institutions are stable enough to defy many causes of disturbance. Even if a President is returned by the votes of angry Irishmen, he will have little power to regulate the future policy of the Republic. The German citizens of the United States use their electoral power for more legitimate purposes. Their dislike to slavery originally inclined them to support the Republican party, and there might at first sight seem to be no reason why they should now change their political allegiance. The temperance agitation, which is almost exclusively promoted by members of the Republican party, has of late caused grave discontent. German immigrants have come to America principally to improve their economic condition, and with a collateral preference for doing as they like. Paternal government, however well it may be suited to Germany, is left behind when the peasant or artisan seeks a foreign home. It is impossible to persuade a solid and sober German that lager beer is unwholesome, or that he ought to deprive himself of familiar and innocent comforts because some disreputable neighbours may be inclined to vicious excess. It is possible that the progress of forcible abstemiousness in some of the Eastern States may alienate from the Republican cause many German voters in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

Mr. BLAINE, in deference to the opinion of the majority in Maine, where new and stringent prohibitive laws have lately been passed, professed in New England approval of total abstinence, though it is not known whether his personal practice coincides with his avowed opinions. In German centres of population he will find it expedient to be less officious in regulating the private conduct of those who are perfectly capable of judging for themselves. The scepticism which prevails as to his consistent objection to alcohol has furnished an excuse for the appearance of two rival candidates, one of whom may be regarded as a comparatively serious opponent. Mr. ST. JOHN will certainly not be elected President; but it is possible that he may detach a certain number of votes from the Republican party. A female candidate, who is probably only actuated by a desire for personal notoriety, professed, as might be expected, to be a temperance fanatic, and she pledges herself not to allow her guests at the White House the opportunity of indulging in alcoholic liquors. As she gracefully observes, those who want such luxuries may buy them, though the alternative would not be satisfactory to those who require, at the President's table as elsewhere, a moderate quantity of wine at dinner. It is, of course, unnecessary to notice further feminine agitation or other forms of the buffoonery which always attends a Presidential election or any other political excitement; but it is possible that the question of prohibition may be raised by the side of graver issues.

Against the risk of loss to the Republican cause by secession on various grounds, Mr. BLAINE may reckon on a certain disadvantage to his adversary through the candidature of General BUTLER. No other demagogue in the United States commands less respect; but his marvellous energy and his great ability have on many occasions been rewarded by unsuspected success. Originally a Democrat, he became after the Civil War a principal leader of the Republican majority in the House of Representatives; and at a later time he was elected by a coalition of Democrats and repudiators Governor of Massachusetts. He must be well aware that his present candidature is hopeless or rather fictitious, but it may be taken for granted that he has some practical object and some personal advantage to gain. It is not known whether he has a secret understanding with Mr. BLAINE, who may perhaps hope with his aid to divide the Democratic party, and especially to win over a section of Irish voters. If General BUTLER succeeded in contributing largely and visibly to a Republican triumph in New York, he might perhaps be readmitted to the ranks of the party, notwithstanding the numerous eccentricities of his later career. In some States there is a Greenback or repudiation

party, which may probably act under the direction of BUTLER.

Mr. BLAINE, leaving other questions in the background, has lately concentrated all his energies on the simple question of Protection. If the elections were likely to be decided by arguments either good or bad, the Republican candidate would derive great advantage from the simplicity of the principle on which he relies. It is certain that the Republican party is bitterly, if not unanimously, opposed to Free-trade; and their opponents are afraid to join issue by avowing the sound economical doctrines which are held by the more intelligent members of the Democratic party. In answer to Mr. BLAINE's challenge, the Independent Republican journals deny that he has a right to claim for himself the exclusive advocacy of the privileges secured by existing law to native producers. The Democrats and their temporary allies profess also to approve of some indefinite encouragement to domestic industry, though they assert, with abundant reason, that the present tariff is iniquitous and excessive. When one party is sincere and consistent on the wrong side, it has a great advantage in popular controversy over opponents who fear to avow the sound principles which they hold. The ironmasters and cotton-spinners will be neither deceived nor conciliated by the hesitating language of Mr. CLEVELAND's supporters. It remains to be seen whether they will be outvoted. It happens that the Independent Republicans, though their immediate object in seceding is the reform of the Civil Service, are for the most part sufficiently well informed to disapprove of the established system of monopoly. Little confidence is therefore placed in their vague professions of moderation and of respect for the interests of producers, while a reasonable confidence is entertained in the maintenance of protective duties by the regular Republicans. The managers on both sides have probably ceased to concern themselves with political controversy. The State elections in Ohio interest them more nearly than the merits or even the popularity of Free-trade.

BACKING DOWN.

IT is only natural that Ministerial speakers should be vehement in asserting that they have no intention of backing down—to use the phrase which has apparently irritated more than one of them. The steps they are taking towards completing this act of timely prudence are none the less increasing steadily in number. Among other signs of their advance of more or less value may be counted Lord HARTINGTON's speech at Rawtenstall. It is not by any means safe to put much trust in the words of a party leader who has hardly spoken for years except to be overruled within a few days by higher authority. In the present case, however, the moderation of the late leader of the Liberal party happens to square with much else which gives it an exceptional value. The whirligig of time has brought in his revenges, we may hope; and now that Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet has been sitting for a month or more on the cooling flagstone of repentance, they have apparently come round to a renewed appreciation of the value of the moderate Liberal, whether as voter or statesman, who proved so useful at the general election. Lord HARTINGTON's praise of temperance of language is a severe criticism on some of his colleagues, official and unofficial; but to those of the other side, or to the increasing number of persons who decline to be chained to any side, it is a welcome proof that the directors of the Liberal party have experienced that awakening to the beauties of moderation which generally comes to a losing party just when the danger of failure is getting unpleasantly close. If he has not been rebuked in the whole week since his speech at Rawtenstall, it is not certainly because his words were free from offence. What he did not say and what he did must alike have been irritating to the combative Radical. Lord HARTINGTON took an essentially Whig view of the questions. The sacred right of the two millions to have a vote merely because they are two millions was entirely neglected by him. Indeed, he scarcely disguised the fact that he accepted the extension of the franchise with resignation, and because he is too good a Tory to break away from the traditions of his family. This is precisely the kind of Whig omission which is so particularly exasperating to the Radical. When Lord HARTINGTON passed from showering the cold water of Whiggery on the enthusiasm of his allies, he did them the indifferent service of proving the unnecessary

character of their great Bill, and, worse still, of giving his reasons for thinking that it will leave things very much where it finds them. His sketch of political history from 1874 to 1880 was designed to convince the Tories that an extension of the suffrage is not in itself a danger, but it incidentally showed that the existing constituencies afford ample means for the representation of every party and every interest. As far as this argument applied to the Conservatives, Lord HARTINGTON was only kicking at an open door. They may, however, observe with some satisfaction that he deprived his own side of their favourite plea that until the constituencies are recast the country cannot be said to be properly represented. His prophecy that the Bill will leave parties relatively where they are may be accepted by the Conservatives with the help of some make-believe; but though the Liberals may use it for immediate business purposes, it would if well founded deprive the measure of all its value in the eyes of the real movers of the party. If that is all the Franchise Bill is to do, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. MORLEY, to say nothing of their equally valuable but less distinguished assistants, would not have thought a Session well wasted in trying to force it down the throats of the House of Lords.

In the natural course of things Mr. CHAMBERLAIN followed Lord HARTINGTON. His speech proved, if any further proof was needed, that the late leader of the Liberal party and the future chief of the Radicals stand on the same friendly footing as of old. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN dwelt with persistent iteration on all those things which Lord HARTINGTON did not think worthy of notice, and he contradicted much of what his colleague thought right to say. The Radical party doubtless know why this duet of tepid assertion and loud-mouthed contradiction is profitable to their cause. To outsiders it has the air of being a continually repeated proof of the hollow nature of the boasted Ministerial unity. In general Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech had an appearance of antiquity. It sounded like a repetition of what had been said before made simply because something had to be said, and it was not safe to touch on the actual state of things. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was, as far as present political issues are concerned, in the position said to have been occupied by an institution he does not love. He was altogether up in a balloon. By way, perhaps, of giving his Staffordshire audience the sort of treat they were entitled to expect from his past performances, he repeated his stock phrase of abuse directed at every class which is not at the beck and call of the Radicals. The audience was probably satisfied, and showed its appreciation of the show by taring Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on with appropriate cries of "Give it them, Joe!" and so forth. If a member of Parliament who holds an important political position finds pleasure in the sounds of approval which are dear to the ears of Messrs. MASSEY and MIDDINGS, that is his lookout. To people who have some lingering fondness for the dignity of English public life the spectacle is unpleasant; but it cannot be denied that the good people of Staffordshire showed a just appreciation of the class of oratory presented to them. When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was not scolding he was reasserting one rather doubtful proposition, and drawing from it a deduction which has a certain value as political instruction. Some score of times or so in his speech he repeated the great argument for the Franchise Bill—namely, that the stronger party want to have it, and will have it. As the Bill can be had if it is carried in the proper way, all this heroism is a little out of date. The question now before the country is not whether the franchise is to be extended, but whether the work is to be done in snippets. On that issue it is, at least, very doubtful that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's party has the sacred millions on its side. The appeal, therefore, to the famous horse-pond argument—an extremely effective thing when it can be used—is just a little wanting in appropriateness. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's party has an easy way of deciding whether the millions are on its side, and its obvious unwillingness to use it would seem to show that there is great doubt on the subject in the Radical mind. The member for Birmingham's belief in the infallible virtue of numbers leads him to a deduction which may be recommended to the careful attention of Lord HARTINGTON and other Liberals who are reiterating the statement that their party is all sweet reasonableness. He has observed that it is one of the great discoveries of modern war that the vanquished nation should pay an indemnity to the victors; and he concludes that the Lords, who, of course, are about to be beaten, may be fairly called on for the millions. The process of reasoning is complete in its way.

The Radicals are the stronger; the stronger ought always to do just what it pleases; all opposition is criminal and should be punished. A very pretty piece of reasoning; but before it is necessary to deal with the conclusions we should like to have certain doubts as to the premisses cleared up.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL at Carlisle had a very fair object for his criticism in these speeches. He could point to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as showing what the Radicals would like to do, and to Lord HARTINGTON as showing what the Ministry are preparing to do. The lesson to be learnt from the double spectacle is obvious. It would be the merest folly and cowardice to yield when the spokesman of what has hitherto been the leading section of the Ministerial party is justifying all that has been said by its opponents. The warning is unmistakable. And with the warning come the proofs that the threat is little else than pure bullying. The various signs that the Ministry mean to repeat the manœuvre of retreat which has served them several times already have been so numerous since Mr. GLADSTONE gave the first at Edinburgh, that there is no cause to attach much importance to the publication of draft Revision Bills. The opportunity is too good to be thrown away by an editor of any enterprise, and such things more or less resembling the real measure are sure to be put forward, and may have a certain value. So much may be acknowledged, but the limitations of their importance are too many to be overlooked. Moreover, even if a draft is genuine, the thing itself is of less interest than the manner of its doing. Before discussing the Government Revision Bill, it will be well to know whether it is to be sent up with the Franchise Bill or only shown and kept over. In the latter case we are not much advanced. By accepting such a compromise the Lords would part with the substance for the shadow, and leave themselves as much as ever at the mercy of the Government. They would not even have a guarantee that they were not being deluded by a dummy, as Mr. MORLEY lately recommended.

THE LOSS OF THE WASP.

IT is no uncommon thing for the captain of a ship, be she man-of-war or merchantman, to remain on deck for a whole night and for several nights in succession when land is near; and if a commander is found to have been in his berth at the time when the ship he was in charge of struck, his position is, generally speaking, and with due allowance for the responsibility of the pilot, a serious one. It is obvious, however, that such arduous work cannot be undertaken when a vessel, from the nature of the service allotted to her, has to be constantly in sight of land, when blue water is the exception and pilot water the rule; and possibly, therefore, the unfortunate captain of the *Wasp* was not to blame for remaining below during a portion of the night when the vessel was off a dangerous coast. This, however, is the only excuse, such as it is, that can be advanced. There is unhappily nothing else to be said in palliation. It is now only too clear that the vessel's loss was due to the carelessness of those in charge of her, and probably in the records of the navy it would be difficult to find a clearer case of avoidable shipwreck.

The statements made at the court-martial held on Monday last do not differ materially from the accounts previously published, and in no way tend to show that the errors which led to the loss of the vessel and crew were less grave than had been before supposed. The evidence was scant; but, with the main fact so painfully clear, it was sufficient. Of the six survivors only three were on duty at the time when the *Wasp* struck; but their accounts, taken in conjunction with the account given by one of the crew who was in his berth at the time when the vessel struck, but rushed on deck and heard the last orders given, make the story of the catastrophe perfectly consecutive and intelligible. Indeed, there is a terrible plainness and simplicity about it which render doubt an impossibility, even when the strongest desire may be felt not to condemn men who cannot defend themselves, and have paid for their errors with their lives. In this case it appears that the officers who lost the ship had not on the night of the wreck the slightest misgiving, or any idea that they were approaching danger and that caution was necessary. The course held was, even with a current setting for some time to the westward, too much to the east; but though the navigating officer told the quartermaster not to let the vessel go anything to the east—i.e. presumably to let her go nothing to the east of the course he had laid down—and though he altered it half a

point to the northward at one in the morning, it never seems to have occurred to him that the *Wasp* would draw dangerously near the rocks of Tory Island.

The same fatal sense of security appears to have dulled the vigilance of the officer of the watch, for though the land was sighted early in the middle watch, and though the light must have been seen for some time before the disaster, the vessel was sailed blindly on as though the Atlantic basin had been ahead of her, and it was not, apparently, till she was close on the shore that any one realized the fact that she was in danger. Some ten minutes or so before she struck, ANDREWS, the second captain of the fore-castle, who is one of the survivors, seems to have perceived that she was in danger, but he said nothing to the officer of the watch, fearing, as he alleged, that he might be told to mind his own duty; and as this view of his duty appears to have been accepted as satisfactory by the Court, it would be improper to blame him; and, moreover, it appears that at about the time when he saw that the ship was in danger the look-out man on the fore-castle hailed that there was land ahead. Even then, however, the officer of the watch, who heard the hail and answered it, did not see how terrible and imminent the danger was. The order to bring to the wind so that she might head off outside the land was not given, according to this witness, until five minutes after the look-out man had hailed; and, whether this interval elapsed or not, the order was given all too late. Very shortly after the vessel's head had been brought more to the northward, she struck, and, after striking, she seemed, said the petty officer, to wedge herself in between the land on the starboard side and the rock on the port side. There were heavy breakers, and within a marvellously short space of time she went to pieces.

Her loss has been attributed to her having been under sail with her fires banked up, but unfortunately this charitable view can no longer be maintained. There is no reason for supposing that she was unmanageable under sail; and if she had been brought to the wind, or brought to the wind and put about in good time, she might, so far as can be told, have passed Tory Island in perfect safety. Her loss was due to negligence, and nothing else. A wrong course was set; no soundings either with the ordinary lead or deep-sea lead were taken during the night; and, though the land was seen at one o'clock, and though the light must have been visible for some time, the danger was not realized till the vessel was almost ashore. All that can be said, then, is that it is much to be hoped that such a method of navigating HER MAJESTY'S ships is absolutely without parallel. The Admiralty, who were at first thought to be indirectly to blame, are not in any way responsible, as there is no reason for supposing that their regulations contributed to cause the disaster. They may, however, do well to inquire whether the good old rules about taking soundings are followed by vessels employed on the coast, and to let it be known that a system of discipline which makes it unadvisable for a petty officer to tell his superior that the ship is in danger is, in their opinion, too strict.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE only encouraging circumstance in South African affairs is that universal confusion and complicated peril are results of weakness, of folly, and of misconduct which may in some degree be hereafter avoided, and which can scarcely at the worst be exceeded or paralleled. Such a condition of affairs perhaps suggested the questionable proverb that when things are at the worst they must mend. DEMOSTHENES, with better reason, told the Athenians that their struggle with PHILIP would be hopeless if his triumphs had been achieved in defiance of wise and vigorous opposition. On the contrary, they were exhorted to remember with cheerfulness and hope their own frequent waste of opportunities and their want of energy and foresight. Correction of acknowledged shortcomings was less impracticable than a reversal of the decisions of fortune. By tardy obedience to wise counsels it might perhaps still be possible to repair the evil consequences of sluggish neglect. Neither PHOCION nor ÆSCHINES had rivalled the imbecility of the Majuba surrender; and since that event the policy of the Imperial Government has been at its worst, and perhaps it will mend. Lord KIMBERLEY, Lord DERBY, and their chief cannot devolve the responsibility which they have incurred on the agents whom they have employed. Sir HERCULES ROBINSON has justly incurred the hatred of the treacherous enemy by whom he has been insolently denounced. Sir HENRY BULWER

has incessantly warned his superiors against the officious suggestions received from Bishopstow, against the abandonment of USIBEPU and other loyal chiefs, and against the wanton and ruinous experiment of a Zulu restoration. No civil or military officer in trust has failed in his duty to his country, notwithstanding the cold indifference with which their representations have been received at the Colonial Office. Except in the highest posts of the public service, patriotism and national pride are not extinct. The tone of the meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel which applauded Mr. FORSTER's vigorous speech may perhaps be a timely warning to the Ministry that the country is not inclined to approve of their extraordinary and gratuitous indifference to the lives and fortunes of Englishmen beyond the sea and of natives who have been encouraged to confide in the honour of England.

It is understood that the affairs of South Africa were submitted to the Cabinet on Monday last; and it may be inferred that Lord DERBY has been engaged in preparing more energetic measures for enforcing the observance of a convention negotiated within a few months by himself. If he has any such scheme in contemplation, his reticence on the subject may probably be judicious. Unfortunately Mr. GLADSTONE has not concealed his own sentiments of sympathy and admiration for the Boers. Almost the only passage in his series of Scotch speeches which was not confined to the inflammation of domestic animosities was a tribute to the virtues of the simple and pious Republicans who have lately, among other outrages, broken a treaty of which the ink was scarcely dry, and murdered an English agent who was engaged in the protection of a friendly chief. Every similar expression of perverse preference encourages enemies to further enterprises against the interests and honour of England. Lord PALMERSTON's blunt assertion of national rights was sometimes regarded as unnecessarily irritating; but its results were uniformly pacific, while the spiritless policy of his successor has produced frequent bloodshed as well as deep humiliation. The Boers on one side and the loyal inhabitants of South Africa on the other may, perhaps, attach undue importance to Mr. GLADSTONE's language; but it is possible that he may have been as exclusively occupied with the Franchise agitation as by the Bulgarian atrocities when he had no leisure to think of the condition of Ireland. His gratuitous eulogy on the Boers seemed to indicate ignorance or forgetfulness of all the difficulties which have arisen since the date of the first Pretoria Convention. Lord DERBY will not plead ignorance as an excuse for regret, and he is not likely to imitate the gushing sentimentality of his chief.

The English population of the Cape and of the neighbouring Colonies is too deeply interested in the policy of the Government to share the indifference of the PRIME MINISTER. Several meetings have been held to protest against the abandonment of sovereign rights over the natives as well as over the settled districts. The English colonists at Natal are especially anxious to correct an erroneous report that they are for some unintelligible reason conspiring with the Boer invaders of Zululand against their own countrymen. The traders at the Cape, who are for the most part English, regard with natural alarm the lawless proceedings of the Boers on the Western frontier of the Transvaal. Lord DERBY himself, notwithstanding his habitual distaste for responsibility, adhered steadily during the negotiations with the Transvaal delegates to the maintenance of an independent trade-route to the interior. It was probably for this reason that he undertook the protection of MONTSIOA against the aggressions which have since been perpetrated in direct violation of the treaty. The Dutch population of the colony have for the present remained neutral, partly perhaps because trade is for the most part carried on by English merchants. If the late aggression of the Boers in the Bechuana country is forcibly and effectually repressed, the threatened exclusion of English commerce from the interior of the continent may perhaps be prevented. The Boer delegates, encouraged probably by the concession of their other demands, in vain urged Lord DERBY to trust to verbal engagements that the amplest freedom of trade should be guaranteed through the district which they claimed as their own. The value of a Transvaal promise was justly appreciated; but it could not have been expected that the Boers would repudiate the treaty almost at the moment at which their Government and Legislature ratified its terms.

The Imperial Government has another class of duties to perform, in which even the loyal colonists take only a

secondary interest. The protection of the natives who form the overwhelming majority of the whole population of the Transvaal has been virtually abandoned, but the honour of the country is pledged to the defence of native allies beyond the frontier against their restless neighbours. Lord DERBY, indeed, has overruled Sir H. BULWER's contention that USIBEPU was entitled to defence against invasion. On the other side of the Transvaal, MONTSIOA has a more indisputable claim which has not yet been officially repudiated. The rumour that the Volksraad at Pretoria is disposed to withdraw some of its recent pretensions has not yet been confirmed. It is not impossible that any show of moderation may be attributed to some indication of more vigorous action on the part of the English Government. According to the same account Mr. JOUBERT's resignation of office is said to have been caused by the change of policy on the part of his colleagues. The earlier statement that he left Pretoria to become President of one of the new freebooting Republics is at least equally probable. If the actual Government of the Transvaal has really declared its willingness to observe at last the stipulations of the treaty, some peaceable arrangement may still be possible. The reported stipulation that the Imperial Government shall be responsible for the peace of the frontier would be unnecessary and impertinent. It is in the highest degree improbable that MONTSIOA should have been the aggressor in the recent conflict. The Boers, and not the Bechuanas, need to be restrained from disturbing the peace.

If the Transvaal delegates entered during their visit to Berlin on any compact with the German Government, it is not likely that its terms will be for the present disclosed. The announcement that Germany has taken possession of a large strip of territory on the West Coast of Africa is for many reasons unwelcome; but, unless English settlements are interfered with, it is useless to remonstrate. Prince BISMARCK seems already to have modified the judicious policy which he lately announced. It was, he said, his intention to extend the protection of the flag to every place which might be occupied by German settlers or traders. He was not disposed to imitate the French practice of territorial annexation for the purpose of establishing military posts or political dependencies, with the ulterior object of creating a commercial monopoly. The portion of the African coast which is now claimed by Germany has certainly not been to any great extent occupied by German colonists; but a few factories have been here and there established for trade with the natives. The dislike which Prince BISMARCK may feel to the German habit of settling in America is perfectly intelligible. Every emigrant is, from the time at which he leaves his native shores, finally lost to the Empire. It would be more satisfactory to be able still to count them as colonial subjects; but it is certain that the appropriation of tropical settlements will in no degree limit or affect the usual process of emigration. It is possible that negotiations may have been instituted for the purpose of securing to German products a preference in the Transvaal. Such an arrangement would be promoted by any impediment to trade with the Cape, and especially by the hostile occupation of the trade route to the interior. It would at present be premature to impute to Prince BISMARCK, in contradiction to his own public declarations, a servile imitation of French colonial policy.

"PATRIOTISM" IN THE DUBLIN CORPORATION.

THE Corporation of Dublin has apparently nothing particular to do. It is quite satisfied with the state of the Liffey, which recently excited the wonder even of sanitary experts familiar with the condition of the Thames. Ireland in general, and its capital in particular, would, but for the hated presence of the foreigner, be beyond all criticism and above all praise. The Corporation, however, has to meet, and to justify its existence by speech, if not by action. There is a considerable number of Dublin Councillors with whom to abuse England is at once a religious duty and a congenial occupation. There is no reason why they should not indulge their taste in that direction, if they are so minded, and if the ratepayers, their constituents, approve of the performance, as no doubt a great many of them do. It would be beneath an Englishman to be angry because an Irishman is abusive. MACAULAY expressed what most of his countrymen feel when he said that the "Memoirs of Wolfe Tone," full of hatred for England, excited no answering emotion in him as he read them. The particular step which the Corporation of Dublin has decided to take is

characteristic both of that illustrious body and of the "Nationalist" party which dominates within its walls. The detested Saxon is to be brought upon his knees by one bold and sweeping stroke. All the streets in Dublin which have English names are to be rechristened. A resolution to this effect was carried, and now that we know the worst, we must bear it as calmly as we can. It is not exactly a new idea. The Parisians have done the same thing, and have been rebuked by Lord TENNYSON for their childishness. "You fools, you'll want them all again," said the LAUREATE with fierce contempt. There is, however, one point of difference between the conduct of the French and the conduct of the Irish. The French got rid of the obnoxious Government before they wiped away its unwelcome associations. The Corporation of Dublin is quite above attending to such prosaic details as this. The Lord-Lieutenant remains in the Castle. The Chief Secretary still occupies the Lodge. English uniforms are still to be seen in the Irish capital, and Irish members still live on charity at Westminster. These are matters comparatively unimportant. Let tyrants tremble. Oppressors beware. Has not Mr. CLANCY moved, has not Mr. O'CONNOR seconded, and has it not been carried by twenty-eight votes to thirteen, that the English names of the streets of Dublin shall be changed? It may be remarked, as a slight inconsistency, that the debate on this solemn proposal was conducted in the English language, which has not yet been superseded in the country of EDMUND BURKE and OLIVER GOLDSMITH, though it has suffered many things at the hands of "patriotic" declaimers. There was a time when Irish "patriots" were gifted with the cosmopolitan quality of humour, and when DANIEL O'CONNELL turned his knowledge of his native tongue to good purpose. He was about to address a public meeting, and the Government sent official reporters who happened to be Englishmen to take down his words. The mob wanted to expel the intruders forcibly, but O'CONNELL insisted on their being allowed to remain, and proceeded to address the assembly in Erse. The modern Irish "patriot" is as scantily provided with wit as with manners, and he was admirably represented in the Corporation of Dublin on Monday.

Mr. CLANCY, who introduced this high theme to the notice of the Corporation, "expressed a hope that in future the "signboards on the thoroughfares would be an epitome of "Ireland, or brief abstract chronicles of the time." In making this remark Mr. CLANCY went dangerously near to quoting an English author, though we admit that he stopped short of the odious actuality. The names of the Maamtrasna murderers, of the assassins of the Phoenix Park, of Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, whom "Milstreet loves," of Mr. BIGGAR, Mr. HEALY, and other "patriots" will give a peculiarly cheerful air to the thoroughfares of Dublin. Mr. M'DONALD, who supported Mr. CLANCY's motion in a speech worthy of the subject, read a list of proscribed names, among them those of Waterloo and SPENCER, which were received with hisses. It might have been supposed that even Irish "patriots" knew the nationality of the Duke of WELLINGTON, though their accomplished representatives in Parliament believe Mr. TREVELYAN to be a Scotchman. The present LORD LIEUTENANT is the object of such satire as the followers of Mr. PARNELL can command. Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND has described him as "JACK, the Red Earl "SPENCER," and if that withering sarcasm does not pierce His Excellency's skin, he must be pachydermatous indeed. The Dublin Corporation, like the famous National Assembly of the French Revolution, is attended by rather emotional spectators, who "demonstrate" from the galleries in a highly forcible manner. Lord SPENCER's name gave them two chances. They hissed it when it was first mentioned, having probably never heard that it was ever borne by anybody else. Then a Councillor was unwise enough to protest against the name of the QUEEN's representative being so received, and of course the sibilations were renewed. They were recommenced when Sir JOHN BARRINGTON rose to oppose the motion, and were continued throughout his speech, until even the LORD MAYOR, himself one of Mr. PARNELL's merry men, was obliged to threaten what he called strong measures. There is a famous story in HERODOTUS about a despot who was uncontrolled by any Corporation, and who sought to destroy the independence and self-respect of certain subject tribes by imposing on them opprobrious designations. He called them, if we remember rightly, after the names of pigs, and asses, and other more useful than ornamental animals. His victims submitted to the insult for many years; and, like

the Scotchman's when he drank port, it must be presumed that their "spirit died." But at last it occurred to them that, after all, the power even of despots was limited. So they "took counsel among themselves," and changed their titles. The father of history tells this narrative with that delicious semblance of simplicity which is his most charming characteristic. His account of the speeches at Dublin on Monday would indeed be priceless. For if, between the first discussion and the second, there have intervened debates of equal absurdity, they must have been very few.

One member of the Corporation had the courage to remind his colleagues of a fact which cannot have been altogether pleasant to them. "The Americans," he said, "when they "established their independence, did not descend to such "puerility as to change the names of those places in the "country which bore English names." Mr. M'EVOR was right. But then the Americans had established their independence, which makes a good deal of difference. Mr. TIMOTHY SULLIVAN, whom the county of Westmeath contributes to the collective wisdom of Parliament, made a remarkable suggestion. He proposed that the streets called after individuals should bear the Christian names as well as the surnames of their eponymous heroes. Myles Joyce Street will certainly be desirable, inasmuch as his victims were also JOYCES. Sullivan Street would be a little vague, and might even be supposed by those who do not observe orthographical details to indicate the detested minion of arbitrary power now Lord Chancellor of Ireland. But Timothy Sullivan Street would amply and honourably connect the great city of Dublin with the wisest old gentleman who trembles before Mr. PARNELL and abuses the gift of articulate speech in the Palace of Westminster. Such are the pursuits of the Dublin Town Council, to which Mr. CAREY was elected, and over which Mr. DAWSON so long presided. It is the nearest approach now existing to an Irish national Parliament. The majority of its members profess themselves to be burning with hatred of this country, and in order to deal her a mortal blow they propose to change the names of their own streets. No such sublime spectacle has been presented to the world since the infuriated mob, also Irish, burnt the notes of the unpopular banker. English statesmen have had to deal with Irish rebels whom they could respect while they crushed them. Their successors intend to break the rule of the alien by throwing the Dublin Directory into confusion. *Act utinam his nugis.* Altering the designation of streets and squares is not a very noble or impressive form of militant patriotism. But it is far less cruel than murder, and infinitely more humane than houghing cattle. It is less cowardly than the intimidation of juries who have given just verdicts, and of witnesses who have been so "unpatriotic" as to speak the truth. Everything in this world is relative, and we may fairly congratulate the politicians of whom Mr. CLANCY is a type on the comparative prudence and decency of their proceedings on Monday last. But we think that the un-"patriotic" dwellers in Biggar Street should have their rents lowered, and that the lovers of "WILLIAM O'BRIEN" should all live together by themselves.

NONCONFORMISTS AND LAND NATIONALIZERS.

AT the Church Congress the other day the question was discussed whether the clergy should take part in politics; and the general sense of the assembly was that they should only do so with great moderation and prudence. Among Dissenters the preacher has from of old been a politician, and by no means always a politician of the most sober type. The Nonconformist minister is indeed often as much the political leader as the spiritual guide of his flock. Not a few Dissenting preachers exercise at least as much political influence as any of the lay leaders of the party. Whether this mixture of politics and religion is a good thing need not here be discussed. It is a fact, and a fact of no small importance in the public life of this country. No body of men in England take a more active part in public matters than the Nonconformists; and in their preachers they find leaders everywhere ready to their hands. It is of some interest, therefore, to observe how these leaders speak, and what are the ideas that are uppermost in their minds. In the main, from the Revolution down to very recent times, the political character of Nonconformity has been that of a steady and not immoderate Liberalism. Such, on the whole, we believe it to be still; but signs are not wanting that a spirit the reverse of steady and moderate has taken posses-

sion of a good many of its adherents. In these circumstances, the notices of the address delivered on Tuesday last by the Rev. Dr. PARKER in opening the autumnal session of the Congregational Union may be read with profit.

Dr. PARKER would not have been true to his position as a Nonconformist minister if he had not mingled a little politics with his theology; and, though there are points in his remarks which are open to objection, there are others on which his plain speech cannot fail to do good. He observes, among other remarks, that the land in England cannot always be held as it is held to-day. This proposition, by the way, taken literally, may be made with equal truth of the land in all other countries. But Dr. PARKER probably means that before long change will be made in the English land laws. This, indeed, is by no means unlikely, whichever party may happen to be in power. The most important and useful piece of recent legislation on the subject is due to Lord CAIRNS; nor does any one believe that the question has been thereby finally settled. But the inquiry foremost in the minds of all who think on the subject is—Will future legislation be confiscatory or not? Is the principle to be admitted that, because the property which a man holds happens to be land, it is to be treated as if it were no property at all? On this point it is satisfactory to read Dr. PARKER's plain language. He and his party "would abet and sanction no public burglary." This, considering some of the schemes which have lately found favour with the public, is certainly to the purpose. Again, in reference to the phrase "Christian Socialism," he bids his hearers beware "lest the word 'Christian' be only the handle with which the knife 'Socialism' is worked."

This is surely good advice, aptly put. It is especially useful at a time when certain heated heads in the clerical world set forth the purity of their Christianity by publicly advocating theft. And it comes with weight from a man of Dr. PARKER's influence among Nonconformists. Even for the House of Lords, not at present in the odour of sanctity among his adherents, he has only pleasant and playful words. He knows them, indeed (he says), much as he knows the angels, more from revelation than from association. The only earl with whom he had spoken was Lord SHAFTESBURY, who was "anxious to do him good." Of this estimable peer he speaks in the highest terms, which do him all the more credit as people are not always apt to be over-grateful towards those anxious to perform them this kind office. Occasionally, indeed, they have been known to resent such anxiety. But Dr. PARKER, though he knows only one earl, and no dukes, would not "degrade" the latter. Here, again, he differs favourably from many who are found in the same political camp with him. Nothing, indeed, would give some of them greater pleasure than degrading dukes, except perhaps degrading a certain inconvenient Marquis. But even the aristocracy do not draw Dr. PARKER beyond the limits of the charity that thinketh no evil. Though he does not know them, he will believe the best concerning them. Once, indeed, there were poverty-stricken men "who died in the lordling's frown, and could only rise again in the parson's smile." But these, if they still exist, Dr. PARKER is for elevating duke-wards instead of pulling dukes downwards. It is a good and pleasant thing to see Dr. PARKER and dukes, though not on visiting terms, still dwelling together as brethren in unity! It was with some surprise that we read in a usually accurate paper, the *Standard*, the statement that "the Congregational Union was asked by its President to adopt a crude kind of Christian Socialism as a practical policy." But the report in the *Standard* itself, and the extracts which we have quoted from it, show that nothing of the sort was meant or said. It would be only too desirable that most Liberal orators would speak on the land question and the House of Lords in as harmless a strain.

A specimen, on the other hand, of what we are likely to hear a good deal of from a very different quarter is to be found in a brief report, published in the *Times* of Tuesday last, of a conference of the association which styles itself the Land Restoration League. "A singular feature of the 'gathering,'" says the report, "was the presence of clergymen." We might suggest to the reverend gentlemen in question that, before taking part in such gatherings, they should ask the opinion of their respective Bishops whether it is a decent thing to belong to a society consisting professedly of would-be thieves. If they feel any reluctance to do so (as people are sometimes shy about going to the family doctor), they might consult Dr. PARKER, an outside practitioner, whose opinion on the subject we have already quoted. The members of

the League are of the same way of thinking as Mr. HENRY GEORGE, and propose to "nationalize" the land by taxing the owners of it up to the full value of the rental. The meeting was presided over by Miss HELEN TAYLOR, whose well-known piety was doubtless one of the causes which drew the reverend gentlemen to her feet. There is a touch of unconscious humour in the principal resolution which makes it worth while to quote its main clause. The meeting is of opinion "That the personal appropriation of land by individuals without paying its annual value to the State is 'unjust and oppressive to the community by whom the value of land is created.'" What most people call buying, Mr. GEORGE and his followers call appropriating, and no doubt purchase is one honest means of appropriation. But do the acute reasoners who drew up the resolution mean that people will henceforth buy or "personally appropriate" land with a view to paying its annual value to the State? Readers of Mr. GEORGE's book will remember that, though the iniquity of despoiling landlords does not trouble him, the difficulty in the way of finding suitable machinery for his new system does. This difficulty he thinks to evade by leaving the present owners in possession and confiscating rents. It does not occur to him that, if the State prevents a man from getting profit out of his land, he will of course give it up. Nearly all land is held for profit, and what is held for pleasure is mostly held by people who derive their incomes from land. Nobody in his senses would take the trouble to manage property the fruit of which went to the State. So that Mr. GEORGE's and the League's device for avoiding the difficulties of State management turns out to be no solution of the problem at all. If the State should confiscate the annual value of all the land in England, it would also have to undertake its management. The corruption which this would engender is, however, a trifling argument against Mr. GEORGE's scheme compared with the main one—namely, the manifest iniquity of the proposal. That the spirit of confiscation, once aroused, spreads is shown by the instructive fact that Mr. GEORGE himself has gone on to advocate the repudiation of national debts. Whether the Land Restoration League follows him on this point we are unable to say. But it cannot be too often repeated that, if public faith is broken with regard to land, it will be broken soon after with regard to other kinds of property as well. On these points the League might do worse than ponder Dr. PARKER's words.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

DR. CRICHTON BROWNE has made haste somewhat slowly to begin his answer to Mr. FITCH, for it was only the beginning which appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday. For the moment he did not go beyond the personal question between himself and the certain courtier who answered so unexpectedly for the cut of the Education Department's beard. The examination of Mr. FITCH's criticisms of the results obtained by Dr. BROWNE in his inquiries is left to be dealt with by itself. He is wise in thus dividing his rejoinder. Without wishing in any way to disparage what he may have to say to the value of his opinion on the existence of over-pressure, we think that the first thing to do is to put the character of the Inspector of Schools' action in the matter of the Report in its true light. Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE can have little to say as to the existence of over-pressure which he has not said already. In replying to Mr. FITCH's criticisms he can, after all, only amplify what he put on paper months ago, and that is really unnecessary. No impartial reader of his Report, and the antidote to it so humorously administered by the Education Department, can doubt for a moment that a certain amount of cramming and driving does go on in the Board schools. That may be considered proved, and will have to be remedied. For the present, a good step towards putting these places on a wholesome footing will be taken if it can be shown that the thoroughgoing supporters of the present system have been reduced to unworthy methods of defence.

After Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE's letter of Wednesday very little doubt will remain on that subject. Although he is careful to treat his opponent with a courtesy which was not shown to himself, he is compelled by the very nature of the case to show that the Inspector of Schools, in his zeal for the Department, was led into doing certain things which we, imitating the commendable reserve of the Doctor, will not call by their rude proper names. Mr. FITCH's plea may be arranged under the convenient three headings. In the first place, he said that, to the best of his knowledge, Dr.

CRICHTON BROWNE had no official mission. In the second place, he disabled the Doctor's judgment as that of a person not qualified by education or experience to judge of such high matters. He even ventured on biographical details with an air of certainty. In the third place, Mr. FITCH declared that the Doctor's method of inquiry was both bad in itself and was applied on such a narrow field that it did not entitle him to form a general opinion. The first of these charges seemed strange from the beginning, for it was hard to believe that Mr. MUNDELLA had never told Mr. FITCH of the invitation he had given Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE. Now we have the Doctor's word for it that not only was he officially invited to examine the schools, but that the Inspector was instructed to help him, and must therefore have been well aware of the character of his mission. Mr. FITCH may have an answer to this, but it does look as if the task of finding one will not be easy. To the second charge Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE answers that it is not well founded, and that, if it were, it would not affect his competence. The Inspector had said that, as the critic of his department had never been in general practice as a doctor, he was not a competent medical witness, and, further, that nobody but a schoolmaster can judge of schools. To these criticisms Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE answers that, as a matter of fact, he had been in general practice, and among the poor, and that, as for his want of experience of schools, he was there to consider teaching in its relation to health, which is a legitimate subject of inquiry for a medical man. To the subordinate charge that he had already committed himself to a belief in the existence of over-pressure, and was therefore a prejudiced witness, Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE answers that his Bradford letter referred to the action of a particular School Board which was subsequently declared illegal; and, moreover, that nobody can investigate anything without working on a "provisional hypothesis." The complaint of the Education Department is less that he held an hypothesis than that he held the wrong one. An inquirer is not disqualified by having a previous opinion as to what he is about to discover, but by pedantry in clinging to his idea in spite of evidence that he is mistaken. It is yet to be proved that Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE has been guilty of this not uncommon error. If he had yielded to the temptation to compare small things with great, he might have pointed his argument by reminding Mr. FITCH of the fact that NEWTON also had a provisional hypothesis, and yet that children in the Board schools are not taught to believe that this detracts in any way from his scientific eminence.

In the long run Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE must stand or fall by the care he took to examine the evidence for his belief in the existence of over-pressure. Mr. FITCH declared with not a little lumbering sarcasm that he inquired in the wrong way, and inquired very little. To this the Doctor answers that his chief means of arriving at a knowledge of the facts of the case was by asking questions and drawing deductions from the answers. On this point, however, it is scarcely necessary to waste many words. Nobody who read the two reports when they were first published some weeks ago, with the slightest effort to be impartial, could fail to see that Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE's inquiries were made so as to get at the truth by making the use of vague words as improbable as might be. Indeed, the mere fact that the answers given in several different schools led to almost the same results seems to show that the examination was not made at random. The value of the method employed by Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE is, however, to some extent a matter of opinion. Whether or not his inquiries were made over a sufficiently wide area is a matter of fact, and here he certainly appears to have convicted his critic of a rather singular ignorance of what he had done, or of a still more singular laxity of statement. According to Mr. FITCH, the only schools examined were a very few in Walworth. Of itself this would prove nothing against the value of Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE's opinion. The main charge against the Education Department is that it insists on applying a system which is sufficiently well suited for healthy well-fed children to poor and ill-fed children who are utterly unable to support it. But, weak as Mr. FITCH's argument is at its best, it appears also to have no very strong foundation in fact. Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE shows that he did not confine himself to Walworth, and gives a list of schools examined. It is sufficiently long and comprehensive. "The schools in which the systematic inquiries 'on which my statistics were founded were carried out,' says Dr. BROWNE, 'were the following:—Turin Street,

"Bethnal Green; Old Castle Street, Whitechapel; Christ Church, Albany Street; Drury Lane, Finsbury; Henry Street, Marylebone; Bowman's Place, Holloway; Hornsey Road; Hatfield Street, Southwark; Victory Place, Walworth; St. John's, Kennington, and the practising school 'at Stockwell College.'" This is a tolerably fair list, and Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE is entitled to say that it represents the poorer part of London fully. From the very nature of his task he was not bound to go to the richer.

It is not to be supposed that we have heard the last of this discussion. There will be further answers and rejoinders to them again. But the essentials of both cases are now in the hands of everybody, and he must be a very eccentric reasoner who thinks that the story is at all creditable to the Education Department. There can be no question that Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE was asked by Mr. MUNDELLA to make inquiries into the system of working in the Board schools in a distinctly official way. Unless Mr. MUNDELLA, speaking with the mouth of Mr. FITCH, is to be allowed to decide *ex cathedra*, it is impossible to believe that Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE was an invincibly prejudiced, incompetent, or careless witness. His inquiries led him to believe more firmly than ever in the existence of over-pressure; and, when he reported their result, his evidence was first suppressed, and, when it was at last published, under pressure, an official of the Department was employed to destroy its value as far as possible by secretly drawing up an answer full of sneering personalities. These facts prove clearly enough that the Education Department never meant to treat Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE as an independent witness at all. He was expected to see just what the officials wanted him to see, and, when he refused, an attempt was made to extinguish him. This is the approved official method; but its employment in this case has only served to show that the invincible prejudice was not on the side of Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

TO judge a Church Congress by the standard of comparison reasonably applicable to the success of a Social Science Congress or some similar aggregation of specialists must lead to almost hopeless bewilderment as to the apparent inadequacy of the motive power to explain the results. Those other Congresses are as big as they can contrive to make themselves, with so many papers or speeches, and of such and such qualities, and so many hearers to match. But there is no reserve of force or continuous vitality in the temporary brotherhood; while one physician at Birmingham was ungallant enough to explain the remarkable numbers of lady attendants by describing it as a form of hysteria. We bring this forward in no spirit of censure, but rather as a tribute to the gentle courage of those who enter so uncomplainingly on a pilgrimage the dissolution and return from which are visible almost before the shrine is reached.

But every Church Congress is based on a foundation not less broad and solid than the whole Church of England, and yet so differently conditioned in each successive year as to be the same Church, only with a conspicuous modification. Episcopal as the Church is, it is made up of dioceses; and yet all the dioceses coalesce in one national Church. By the first law of the Church Congress the Bishop of the diocese must be the president, and without his approbation no Congress can be held in that place; owing to which restriction, we may observe, it is due that no Church Congress has been held at Birmingham or Coventry, in both which places it is much wanted. But, the Bishop's leadership once secured, it is not over the church of the diocese of Carlisle that he presides this year, as it was not over the church of the diocese of Oxford that the Bishop of Oxford presided last year at Reading. For the time being the diocesan is accepted as presiding over the whole Church—or as much of it as pleases to present itself—and Archbishops obey his presidential authority.

Some places there are which appeal with satisfaction to their old reputation as Church and King towns, while others in all probability care very little for Church or the contrary, and others are proud of their services to the cause of radical Dissent. But on all of them the Church of England swoops down in its concrete character of Church Congress with a force, a directness, and a picturesqueness which they seem previously to have been as far as possible from connecting with the idea of the Church. It comes not only as a body of doctrine, but as an institution supported by men who evidently adventure much and labour much to sustain it.

Before the actual business there are musterings and processions, in long surpliced pomp, and elaborate services, and notable sermons by masters of pulpit eloquence; and the Corporation of the town has never failed, whatever may be the colour, religious or political, of the Mayor, to tender its generous and official welcome. No one certainly would be led into pointing to Swansea, Leicester, or Derby as Church towns, and yet in all these the greetings of the Corporations left nothing to be desired. Carlisle is not an anti-Church town, neither is it one in which Church life seemed to be throbbing warmly; so the enthusiasm evoked alike by the special popularity of their Bishop, whom they had known and loved long, and by that of their new friend the Congress, was a most convincing evidence of how much there was which only required to be brought out. In this case the county joined in the honours which it rendered, as the opening action of the Congress was the presentation, through the hands of the LORD-LIEUTENANT, seconded by the MAYOR, of a pastoral staff subscribed for the use of the present and future Bishops of Carlisle.

This is the evidence of 1884, but we must turn to the first Church Congress which was held in 1861, and realize that it has taken a good many meetings to reduce the institution to its present order and regularity. Year by year the difficulties which disturbed the most hopeful well-wishers disappeared. The sullen coherence in repulsion of parties is as dead as the more ostentatious filibustering of cliques. The general understanding has slowly but surely been accepted, of allowing every man his say and every party its proclamation. Volunteer meetings fringing the official programme, which were once snubbed, more from timidity than want of sympathy, are now recognized as valuable contributory elements towards the completeness of the year's work; and the normal Congress row is a lost pleasure to the lively reporter, who used to go to his work relieved by the thought that it would not all be divinity.

The constitution of Church Congresses is absolutely democratic; the only limitation on universal presence being the purchase of a ticket for 7s. 6d. But this carries no suffrage with it; nothing is ever put to the vote, while the programme is so arranged as to admit to the test of public opinion the widening number of questions, on which it is not too much to say that the conclusion is sometimes more expressive, because it is inarticulate. A Church Congress, constituted as Church Congresses now are, which voted, were it only by way of barren opinion, would soon become violently and unmanageably headstrong—saved from itself as it is, it is the safest of institutions, and yet commands a wide and increasing influence by its grasp of opinion.

We may refer to two or three of the debates which signalized the Carlisle Congress as illustrative of our position. The report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission would have been about the last subject which a sane manager would lay before a chance multitude of excited Churchmen in the hope of obtaining their suffrages for anything reasonable. But it is a matter which even after more than twelve months is still in the minds of all who care for such things. So Sir RICHARD CROSS was brought forward to show how much the best of laymen can or cannot do, Archdeacon NORRIS stated the case from the standing-ground of a learned and moderate High Churchman, and the Erastian brief was entrusted to Mr. HATCH. The result of it all was that the air was very much cleared. Those most eager for legislation had to face its practical difficulties, and none could refuse to acknowledge how great had been the moral gain of the question having been ventilated on the Commission, composed as it was and acting as it dared to do.

If we turn to another class of subjects, all who read Mr. WELDON's masterly paper on the dangers of and safeguards against infidel literature must, if they understood what was offered to them, have discovered that they were able to face the topic in a condition of much enhanced intelligence; while Mr. HORSLEY's denunciation from the practical side of the organized trade in obscene literature was a painful exposure of a gigantic evil. The Establishment formed an appropriate concluding subject, to which full justice was done by Lord CARNARVON, the Bishop of WINCHESTER, and the Bishop of DERRY; while Mr. ALBERT GREY's grotesque scheme of Church reform fell perfectly flat.

A graceful innovation formed the final conclusion of the whole Congress. With the Congress passed away ownership in the temporary Congress Hall; and as the Cathedral, by the accidents of its architecture, is not suitable for very large congregations, the Bishop bethought him of a grand

farewell evening service on the Sunday, with band and monster choir, sermon, and "Hallelujah Chorus," in the Congress Hall itself. It was an experiment, but it succeeded; for the congregation, drawn from classes of society in whom heretofore any Church zeal would never have been looked for, was crowded and enthusiastic.

DEMOCRATIC PANGLOSSISM.

BIRMINGHAM, like Aberdeen, is, as every one knows, a town of striking intelligence. It is a place of light, in a darkened land, the source of that growing democracy which we are bidden to accept as inevitable, and whose mighty flood is to overwhelm those who have the temerity to face it. We have to deal with an "awakened people" and "such a rush of democracy" as, according to Mr. WILLIS, Q.C., has "not been seen in any civilized country within the memory of living man." It is, therefore, perfectly intelligible, and even reasonable, that Mr. LOWELL should discourse in Birmingham on democracy and the blessings that attend it. The Birmingham people would, perhaps, scout the notion that they are "an awakened people." They not only are, but for a long period have been, peculiarly awake. They are keenly alive to the newest political notion, the latest panacea devised by the political quack, and they have studied history under the impartial teaching of Mr. BRIGHT. Bearing this last fact in mind, although the *Times* practically disposes of Mr. BRIGHT, as the democrat of the past, the American Minister made a happy choice of subject for his address at the Midland Institute. Mr. LOWELL is a practised and accomplished speaker. He knows how to work the exhausted field of commonplace so as to make it glitter with new-spangled ore. His epigrams have point and felicity. He loves paradox after the manner of all true humorists. He generalizes with a brilliant audacity that is not without its oratorical effect, though it must needs darken the morrow of reflection with a sad wisdom. The expression of his great faith in the democracy must have exercised a Birmingham audience, never in great and conscious need of edification. What could be thought in Birmingham of the optimism that declares that "an appeal to the reason of the people has never been known to fail in the long run"? Why, then, have we been treated, in this town of Birmingham the home of democracy, during these fifty years, to so many appeals to the passions of the people to such denunciation of one class, such invidious flattery of another, such passionate endeavour to create class animosity? Surely, if the people—by which term we mean the nation, and not the Radical parish-corner conception—are so amenable to the voice of reason, all this passion and prejudice were wasted on an intelligent democracy, and the tribunal ardour was spent in vain. Mr. LOWELL's estimate of the reason of the people is not founded on history. Politicians have generally found it unprofitable to appeal to an unknown quantity. Abstractions are non-inflammable. The speaker, particularly if he be an orator, moves the emotions, and leaves logic to the statesman and jurist, though he is well within his part if he magnifies, by the way, that reason in which he has no real faith, and to which he is careful not to appeal. Even if this faith abounded in the average politician and was not an ostentatious profession, a flattering unction to the multitude, the example of the shining lights of democracy is not encouraging.

Stripped of its epigrams, there is nothing more notable in Mr. LOWELL's speech than its optimistic flavour and the indeterminate views on modern democracy entertained by the speaker. He, indeed, incidentally referred to a real danger in the spread of democratic ideas; but he expressed no apprehension of that danger, and ignored the intimate alliance throughout Europe of Socialism and democracy, thereby proving the influence of that mirage-like appearance of things external which he so pathetically deplored. "Communism means barbarism," we were told, but what Socialism means, though we all know full well, we were not told; but only what it "wishes to mean," which is quite another matter, and may be relegated to the bourne of all good intentions. This solitary lapse into practical politics on the part of Mr. LOWELL was rendered quite insignificant by some astonishing historical generalizations. He, at least, is fully aware of the enlightenment of an awakened people. "Formerly," he observed, "the immense majority of men—our brothers—knew only their sufferings, their wants, and

"their desires. They are beginning now to know their opportunity and their power." We have heard something like this from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. GEORGE. Did men not know, and very effectively illustrate, their power in France in 1792? And did they not do so by that very "divine right to govern" which so rapturously agitates the *Times* as with a new and pregnant discovery. It is a beautiful phrase this divine right to govern. Verily there is nothing new under the sun. That effete Tory dogma, "the divine right of kings," has suffered a curious change from a high to a low estate. If the phrase means anything, it can only refer to "the immense majority" who, after a prodigious scramble for power, may purge themselves of their weaker or less scrupulous brethren to be represented by "those wiser than they." For, as Mr. LOWELL justly observed, "the highest privilege to which the majority of mankind can aspire is that of being governed by those wiser than they." A very noble and ideal aspiration truly; but does Mr. LOWELL, or any one else, believe that, where universal suffrage obtains, this is the virtuous desire of the "immense majority"? Is it credible that as much as one-tenth of the majority should have qualified themselves even for the elective exercise of the divine right to govern by a manly scorn of all baser interests, of the paid agitator, of the pressure of the local Caucus? If this be so, there are more lovers of wisdom in the world than the most robust optimism ever conceived.

Mr. LOWELL's faith in democracy found still more surprising utterance. He acknowledged that universal suffrage has blundered sometimes, for even democracies are human, though this very obvious fact is still in need of reminder. Yet, notwithstanding the errors of democracies, Mr. LOWELL comforts himself with the firmest trust in the existence of "a reserve of prudence and discretion" which, at the critical moment of a nation's history, "has been brought out to turn the scale in favour of a wiser decision." What will historians say to this? On how many occasions has not this "reserve of prudence" been cowed and crushed? In the critical hour it is the man, not the multitude, that "arrives," as NAPOLEON proved when he made his first artillery experiment in the streets. The individual genius, and not the Abbot of Unreason and his crew, is then ascendant, whether by divine right or might let the historians decide. To paraphrase one of Mr. LOWELL's epigrams, this is very like spelling right with an initial "M"; but the stern fact remains. The "reserve of prudence" is in such moments found to be so excessively reserved as to be virtually non-existent. The lessons of history supply abundant logical instances of the kind that must rudely offend the agreeable visions of Mr. LOWELL's optimism. The preceptor of the youthful CANDIDE has ever a large following in this best of all possible worlds. It is delightful to find optimism in conjunction with experience and a life devoted to the study of men; but the conjunction is not favourable to the development of sound political views. People conscious of the possession of divine rights are naturally eager to assert those rights, and to conceive of them as something grandiose and capable of very practical expression. They will not patiently await the explosion of the wind-bag, nor be meekly tolerant of an empty rhetorical phrase. Government by discussion may sometimes deserve to be stigmatized as "government by gabble," but government by a "majority of voices," when the majority vociferates the discordant clamour of a hundred denationalizing crotchets, is a terrible substitute. It is consolatory to find that Mr. LOWELL himself is a firm believer in the practical nature of the English people, in their healthy indifference to the name and their deep concern about the substance of government. To assert this is much more wholesome teaching than vague generalities on the virtues and excellence of modern democracy.

ATHLETICS IN AMERICA.

WHEN Mr. L. E. Myers, the American amateur champion runner, returned home after his recent visit to this country, he spoke in glowing terms of his treatment while here, and said to a newspaper interviewer that the English were fonder of athletic sports than the Americans and appreciated the finer points of an athlete's work far better. Mr. Myers was, in a measure, right; for the maintenance in America of what are known as athletic games—running, walking, jumping, and the rest—is wholly due to the enthusiasm and energy of a few men like himself. Baseball, horse-racing, and sparring appeal with greater force to the American love of intense excitement, and but small assemblages, as a rule, witness the excellent contests which may be seen so frequently on the grounds of the various American athletic clubs.

Perhaps the utter lack of management has much to do with this, for it must be admitted that the meagre announcements of games, thrust away in obscure corners of the great daily newspapers, have but small effect in a country where advertising is a mania. The Americans, to do them justice, are at heart as fond of athletic work as the English, or they would never have given so much encouragement to their own manly and scientific game of baseball and to rowing. That they have among them the material for athletic achievements of the best kind their records prove. Mr. Myers has, of course, a long list of their best records to his credit. He is an extraordinary runner, and cannot be accepted as an example of the average American athletic ability. But their records show that they have a large number of remarkably good athletes, and they have some excellent clubs. Athletics flourish principally in New York. There are to be found all the noted amateur athletes of America, and there, too, are the largest and best clubs. It is not long since a magazine-writer said that New York was in a fair way to become the athletic capital of the world. Subsequently the *New York Tribune* remarked that this assertion was well supported by the fact that the geographical position of Manhattan Island made every class of outdoor sports accessible.

It is but little more than fifteen years since amateur athletic clubs were unknown in America. Now there are a great number of clubs in the United States and Canada. New York has the six leading clubs, of which a brief account may be interesting. In 1868 six young gentlemen of the American metropolis reached the wise conclusion that there ought to be an athletic club in that city. Accordingly, on September 8 they founded the New York Athletic Club, and found a cradle for it in the top story of a building in Sixth Avenue. One of the six was W. B. Curtis, who, though no longer a member of the same club, remains one of the leading spirits in the field of athletics. The New York Athletic Club grew, and soon had to seek larger quarters at Main's Gymnasium in St. Mark's Place. In 1871 it was decided to add rowing to the club's work, and a little boathouse was built on the Harlem River. Another move was made soon afterwards, when grounds were purchased near the boathouse, and Wood's Gymnasium, in Twenty-eighth Street, was chosen as the club headquarters. In 1875 the present excellent grounds at Mott Haven, near Hundred-and-Fiftieth Street, were leased. The club has three large boathouses, filled with racing-boats of all kinds, on the banks of the Harlem, and the grounds, which contained a fine track, one-sixth of a mile in circumference and a one hundred yards straight, are within two minutes' walk of these houses. Some of the best American records have been made on this track, and the annual championship games have usually been held there. Through the energy of some of the younger members, several well-known club men of wealth and social distinction were induced to join the New York Athletic Club, and Mr. William R. Travers was made president. The result was a rapid growth of the body. Its membership is limited to 1,500 and is full, while 400 members-elect are patiently awaiting admission. The organization is now erecting a handsome club-house in Sixth Avenue, between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth Streets, where all the comforts and pleasures of a purely social club will be found. The building is to cost a quarter of a million of dollars. It is of brick and terra-cotta, handled with a free treatment of the style of the Italian Renaissance. Six bowling-alleys and a shooting-gallery occupy the basement. The first floor contains a swimming-bath, 66 by 20 feet in size. The building will contain also a Turco-Russian bath, reception-rooms, billiard-rooms, a restaurant, parlours, a reading-room, sparring-rooms, and a fine gymnasium. A feature of the gymnasium is to be a balcony, six feet wide, running all the way around the room, and to be used as a winter running-track. Among the members of this club are Hugh H. Baxter, the champion pole-vaulter, record 11 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; N. W. Ford, the champion running broad-jumper, record 21 ft. $\frac{7}{8}$ ins.; W. H. Goodwin, of Harvard College, the champion intercollegiate runner at one-quarter and one-half mile; and C. J. Queckberner, a distinguished heavy-weight athlete. Mr. Ford has also the best record at the standing broad-jump, 10 ft. $\frac{5}{8}$ ins.; at the standing hop, step, and jump, 28 ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ ins.; and at three standing-jumps, 33 ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. It must be remembered that all records herein mentioned are for amateurs; and no jumping with weights is now done in American contests.

The Manhattan Athletic Club is second to the New York in size and wealth; but its achievements are greater. The glory of this club, however, bids fair to become a thing of the past. Bad management, consisting chiefly in sacrificing the rights of its humbler members to the convenience of its distinguished athletes, is thinning out the ranks of the organization; and a rumour was recently afloat in New York that its grounds were to be sold and its membership consolidated with the New York Club. The Manhattan was founded in November 1877, and grounds were leased at Fifty-sixth Street and Eighth Avenue. These grounds were small and the track badly shaped; and for a considerable time the membership of the club was small, and its reputation smaller. Then it began to be whispered about that a young man named Myers was developing remarkable powers as a runner. In April 1878 the club was incorporated, and within six months had won a championship. The next year Myers took three more. His growing fame attracted other distinguished amateurs to the club, and since that time it has held the championship colours. Last year new grounds, comprising the entire block bounded by Eighth and Ninth Avenues, Eighty-sixth and Eighty-seventh Streets, were leased, and \$20,000 were expended in fitting up a handsome

grand stand and in laying out the track, which is a quarter of a mile in extent. The club has also the only 220 yards straight-away track in America, and the record was beaten on it early this year. The Manhattan was the first American club to send representatives to this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Myers came over in 1881 and surprised our athletes by his speed and form, and again during the past summer he exhibited his fine powers in company with three other American athletes. The Manhattan also received courteously our own runner, W. G. George, and arranged joint meetings in New York with the Moseley Harriers of Birmingham.

No account of American athletics would be complete without some history of the achievements of Lawrence E. Myers. To be brief, he is the best runner in America at all distances from 100 to 1,000 yards. He has been beaten occasionally, but his performances, even at distances where his record has been surpassed, average better than those of any other American. His records, with the date and place of their achievements, are as follows:—

60 yards, 6½ seconds, New York, Dec. 12, 1882.	
75 " 7½ " " " " Jan. 31, 1881.	
100 " 10 " " " " Sept. 13, 1880.	
120 " 12 " " " " " " "	
130 " 13½ " " " " June 3, 1882.	
200 " 20½ " " " " Sept. 15, 1881.	
220 " 22½ " " " " " " "	
250 " 26 " " " " June 3, 1882.	
300 " 31½ " " " " Oct. 22, 1881.	
350 " 36½ " " " " June 3, 1882.	
400 " 43½ " " " " " " "	
440 " 48½ " " " " Philadelphia, Oct. 15, 1881.	
500 " 58 " " " " State Island, May 29, 1880.	
600 yards, 1 minute, 11½ seconds, New York City, July 1, 1882.	
660 " 1 " 22 " " " " July 11, 1880.	
700 " 1 " 31 " " " " Brooklyn, Sept. 16, 1882.	
800 " 1 " 44½ " " " " " " "	
880 " 1 " 55½ " " " " " New York City, Oct. 8, 1881.	
" " " " " " " " " " Brooklyn, Sept. 16, 1882.	
1,000 " 2 minutes, 13 " " " " " New York City, Oct. 8, 1881.	
1,320 " 3 " 13 " " " " " Nov. 30, 1882.	
1 mile 4 " 27½ " " " " " " Nov. 11, 1882.	

Mr. Myers's records at 1,320 yards and at 1 mile were beaten in America by Mr. George on the dates mentioned, when he defeated Mr. Myers at the distances named. The American champion's record at 220 yards was beaten by a member of his own club at the Intercollegiate Championship Games in June last, when Wendel Baker, of Harvard College, made the distance in 22½ seconds. The fastest running Mr. Myers ever did is not on record, though it was witnessed by a large crowd, and accurately timed by five expert timekeepers. In the first trial heat of the 125 yards at the summer games of the Manhattan Club in 1883 he covered the distance in the astonishing time of 11½ seconds. He did not run in the final heat, preferring to save himself for the quarter-mile race. He has also beaten his American record at 440 yards, having done the distance at Birmingham, July 16, 1881, in 48½ seconds. His records at 75 and 100 yards have been equalled by several American amateurs, but never beaten. It must not be supposed, however, that Myers and Baker are the only good runners in the Manhattan Club. It has also T. J. Murphy, who won the half-mile championship last year, Harry Fredericks, the mile runner, and Arthur Waldron, the "sprint" runner, who were recently here; Lambrecht, a fine heavy athlete, Samuel Derrickson, jun., C. A. White, H. T. Chanfrau, and W. Smith, all excellent short-distance runners.

The Williamsburg Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, stands next among American clubs. It was formed in January 1879, and for a long time has had its grounds at Wyeth and Penn Avenues, Brooklyn, eastern district. New grounds in a more convenient situation have been leased. The track will be one-fifth of a mile in circumference. There will be ground enough for base-ball, cricket, lacrosse, lawn-tennis, and foot-ball, and there will be a cozy clubhouse. This club is strong in good athletes. Its two most prominent members are Frank Murray, the champion short-distance walker, and T. F. Delaney, the runner. Murray has cut down the American walking records finely within the past two years. In the summer of 1883 he was walking remarkably well. It was then that he reduced the two-mile record from 14 mins. 2 secs., to 13 mins. 50 secs., and brought down the time for one mile to 6 mins. 29½ secs. He also holds the American three-mile record of 21 mins. 9½ secs. Delaney has the following best records to his credit—1¼ mile in 9 mins. 25½ secs.; 2¼ miles, 13 mins. 1½ sec.; 3¼ miles, 18 mins. 28 secs.; 4¼ miles, 24 mins. 29 secs.; 8 miles, 45 mins. 11 secs.; 10 miles, 56 mins. 9½ secs. The last two records were made December 12, 1882, when he defeated W. G. George at 10 miles in Madison Square Garden, New York.

The American Athletic Club, originally formed by members of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York, uses the Polo Grounds, and has several good men, among whom are W. B. Nixon and G. D. Baird, the three-mile walkers, J. A. Safford, the 120-yard champion hurdle racer, and Robert Stoll, a good half-mile runner. The Staten Island Athletic Club devotes more attention to rowing than to other sports, and occasionally turns out a fairly good crew. The club has some good athletes, who train on the comfortable track at West New Brighton. Among them are A. E. Carroll, who made the former record at the running high-jump, 5 ft. 9 in., and D. E. Dejonge, a half-mile runner. The West Side Club is a small organization with some good athletes, among whom are W. H. Meek, the walker, George Stonebridge, the half-mile runner, and E. F. Macdonald, a walker.

Athletics also flourish in American colleges. The brawny football players and carmen of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton get their first training usually in the gymnasium, and next upon the cinder track. Princeton a few years ago was *facile princeps* in athletic games, but she has of late receded to a low position. At the Intercollegiate Championship Games during the past summer, Harvard carried off the palm, with Columbia College, of New York, second, and Yale third. A few years ago the college records were far behind the amateur records. Now they are nearly as good, and, indeed, two of the best amateur records were made in the Intercollegiate Games. Wendel Baker, of Harvard, as before stated, lowered the record for 220 yards to 22½ secs., and C. A. Atkinson, of Harvard, took the record for the running high-jump up to 5 ft. 9½ ins.

It will be seen from the records quoted that, excepting several of Mr. Myers's remarkable performances, the achievements of American amateur athletes are a little behind those of our own. Yet there is much good athletic work done in America, and it is done in a spirit of manly and generous rivalry with our best work, which makes it all the more praiseworthy. Moreover, nothing better has ever been done for the health and strength of the American people than the founding of the athletic clubs mentioned. There ought to be similar organizations in every city and town in the United States. M. Taine spoke of the typical Englishman as absorbed in business and the *Times*. Surely no man is so utterly the slave of business and the newspaper as the typical American. Some outlet for the concentrated worriment over his daily bread he must have. Some antidote for the amount of foul air he breathes in his musty office, and the amount of sitting still he does, every American needs. Athletic sports offer him a free salvation. Social scientists in America may yet find some of their knottiest problems solved by the athletic clubs.

TWO CRITICISMS OF CHARLES READE.

IT is a little hard on Mr. W. L. Courtney that his article on Charles Reade should come out in the same month with Mr. Swinburne's on the same subject. Mr. Courtney contributes to the current number of the *Fortnightly* a solid, stiff essay, bristling with facts, and having an appearance of criticism. Mr. Swinburne writes in the *Nineteenth Century*. His style is redundant as usual, but it is a style, and his criticisms have a depth of meaning which the form of words in which they are expressed immeasurably strengthens. Mr. Courtney disagrees with both Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Besant in their estimate of *The Cloister and the Hearth*. He complains of it that "the scholar's learning is staring out of the holes in the artistic armour," and says of the reader that "he feels now and again as if he were laboriously getting up a learned work on the Middle Ages." It is curious after this to turn to Mr. Besant's paper on the "Art of Fiction." After laying it down as an axiom that in a novel "the human interest must absolutely absorb everything else," the author of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* goes on to speak of *The Cloister and the Hearth*. When Gerard and Denis are sent on their journey through France, "it is with the fewest possible of words that he suggests the sights and persons met with on the way"; and again, "the life of the fifteenth century passes before us, with hardly a word to picture it, because it is always kept in the background, so as not to interfere with the central figure." It is hardly possible to imagine two judgments so diametrically opposed on this subject. If we appeal to Mr. Swinburne the result is wholly against Mr. Courtney's view. "A story better conceived, or better composed, or better related than *The Cloister and the Hearth* it would be difficult to find anywhere," is Mr. Swinburne's verdict, and nine out of ten readers capable of forming an opinion will agree with it. The most interesting—or, we may say, the only interesting—feature of Mr. Courtney's essay is that part which deals with what he calls "the monotony of some of Charles Reade's types." He regards the main character in every novel as "The Resourceful Hero." Whatever befalls him he comes out triumphant. There is much truth in this, but "the aiding and abetting Doctor," whom Mr. Courtney places beside the Resourceful Hero, cannot be traced quite so far, and the Parson only appears here and there, though he is himself the Resourceful Hero in *Never Too Late to Mend*. Mr. Courtney also notices as types "the villain" and his catpaw, and three kinds of women, of whom Christy Johnstone, Jael Dence, and Philippa Chester are the representatives. With regard to the charge of plagiarism so often made against Charles Reade, Mr. Courtney is somewhat vague. He mentions and even describes it, but only refutes it in Reade's own very headlong and ill-chosen words. Reade denied that he was a plagiarist, yet virtually admitted the truth of the accusation. The whole question turns on one point. Was he great enough to do with impunity what Shakespeare and Byron and Scott could do? Mr. Swinburne condemns his "amazing misconception of the duty—nay, the very nature and essence—of literary honesty." He adds an opinion that Reade was rich enough himself to have dispensed with borrowed or stolen goods.

It will be seen from this that Mr. Swinburne faces the questions raised by Charles Reade's career in a fashion bolder than that of Mr. Courtney. He shirks none of them. After condemning as absurd any comparison between George Eliot and Charles Reade, he proceeds to work out the proposition without fear. There is one point in common, and he makes the most of it. *Romola* and

The Cloister and the Hearth are set in the same age of the world, and "part of the action of Charles Reade's takes place in the country which was chosen by George Eliot for the stage of her whole romance." Of *Romola* he says, that though there never was so thorough and triumphant an exposition of spiritual decay as is presented by the character of Tito, the "only touch of reserve which tempers or allays the full zest and fervour of our admiration is given by a half-stifled, reluctant, irrepressible perception or suspicion that there is something in all this of the preacher's or lecturer's aim, variously garnished and delicately disguised." This fancy, he adds, is, for some readers at least, an insurmountable impediment to the fulness of their pleasure and admiration. When, on the other hand, Reade's work makes anything of the like impression upon us it matters less, because "his didactic types or monitory figures are always unmistakable—and unmistakable as failures." If *The Cloister and the Hearth* is below *Romola* in one respect, it is above it in another. The empty boat which drifts George Eliot's heroine to a plague-stricken village is an example of "almost infantine audacity of awkwardness." Mr. Swinburne agrees with the best critics in their estimate of the study of Savonarola, and contrasts it with Charles Reade's Dominican; and in speaking of the minor characters he is equally trenchant. "The superiority of the male novelist is so obvious and so enormous that any comparison between the full robust proportions of his breathing figures and the stiff, thin outlines of George Eliot's fantasmal puppets would be unfair if it were not unavoidable."

Mr. Swinburne also institutes a short comparison between Reade and Dumas. The great French novelist, he finds, is inferior in one point, but superior in another. Dumas never showed such power and tenderness, nor wrote a story so pure and profound in its simplicity of effect as *The Cloister and the Hearth*. But against this praise we must set the next sentence:—"Dumas could sometimes forget Dumas, but Reade can never forget Reade." Mr. Swinburne goes on next to refute a charge of immorality sometimes brought against Reade. As to *A Terrible Temptation*, which has been mentioned in connexion with this charge, he says, in words a little too forcible for the occasion, "How such a notion can ever have slipped into the head, I do not say of any rational and candid reader, but of the most viciously virtuous reviewer that ever gave tongue on the slot of an imaginary scandal, I have never been able to imagine." On the main incident in *Griffith Gaunt* Mr. Swinburne assumes the part of the virtuous reviewer himself. Reade, he thinks, does not succeed in making it "inevitable" that an honourable man should be so mastered by the temptation which assails Gaunt as to throw honour to the winds in a moment of unreasoning jealousy. A detailed and marvellously incisive examination of the book follows, for which we must refer the reader to the *Nineteenth Century*. Its conclusion is as follows:—"The forty-third chapter is, to my mind, simply one of the most beautiful things in English literature; and no fitter praise can be given to the book than this—that so exquisite an interlude is not out of keeping with the rest."

Of course, in an article of this character we expect and find many examples of Mr. Swinburne's peculiarly vigorous language. He greatly objects to long names for novels. *Never too Late to Mend* bears an "awkward label." He suggests as a piece of "benevolent despotism" that it should be made a penal offence against literature "for any writer to affix a proverb, a phrase, a quotation, but, above all things, a line of poetry, by way of tag or title to his novel or to hers. Scripture and Shakespeare should be specially prohibited." This would bear rather heavily on Miss Broughton, Miss Mathers, and Mr. Besant. Such lines as "Not wisely, but too well," "Coming thro' the rye," and "All in a garden fair" make capital titles, and are not too long for convenience. As to Reade's future popularity, Mr. Swinburne appears somewhat doubtful. The loss will be theirs, he thinks, "who shall let such good merchandize go to wreck." He does not touch on the probability that an accurate portrait of the period in which he himself lived will probably survive especially in the form of a romance. The heaviest fault he finds is "the lack of that last and greatest art—not the art to blot, but the art to veil." Yet, if his pages do not live as long as the English language, it will be through no fault of their own, "but solely through the malice of accident, by which so many reputations well worthy of a longer life have been casually submerged or eclipsed." In strong expressions of dislike Mr. Swinburne has always been rich. In his essay we read of "infernal little disciples of Carlyle," of the "villanous lunacy of the law regarding lunatics," and of the "secret and scurrilous traducer who strews insult and scatters defamation in the holes and corners of crepuscular and furtive literature." His final judgment on Charles Reade's place in literature is that, at his best, he was "a truly great writer of a truly noble genius"; and his reputation must always depend on the ultimate rank assignable to a writer of "splendid episodes," the creator of "single figures," rather than the producer of any work so thoroughly successful as *The Bride of Lammermoor* or certain novels of Hugo and other modern French authors. We have already very fully commented on Reade's works—first, on the occasion of the publication of the complete edition (August 5, 1882), and again on the occasion of his death. Neither the article of Mr. Swinburne nor that of Mr. Courtney need cause us to alter the opinion then expressed that Reade will take a lasting place among the novelists of this century. In spite of a certain want of humour, which we cannot but regard as his most serious defect, there are in all his works characteristics which

must ensure their continued popularity with readers who appreciate at its proper value good and vigorous English, a dramatic story, a study of character, an unfailing fertility of incident, and a directness in the narrative so great as sometimes to verge on painfulness.

THE FIRST LONDON ALDERMEN.

ALTHOUGH the dignity of the alderman may have differed considerably in different kingdoms or counties, according to the different customs of the various branches of the English and Saxon settlers, there cannot be much doubt as to his original position in London. People who go about to establish a Roman origin for the modern municipal government should take special heed to the point. There can be no kind of question but that the alderman in London was like the later alderman in the country. Under Alfred he ruled his shire, and led its muster into battle. He was constantly styled *dux* in charters. Readers of Kemble or of Canon Stubbs do not need to be reminded of the alderman's duties at this period. But the name was also applied in some places to nobles of any kind, and especially to those who held large landed estates. Very few cases of hereditary succession are known; but the appointment seems to have been kept in certain families, possibly in those which were descended from the old Royal race of the same province. When Canute introduced his Danish earls, the alderman fell to a lower rank, and gradually ceased out of country places altogether. In towns, however, the title was applied very soon after the Norman Conquest to municipal dignitaries, both to the great landowners and to the great tradesmen. In a free city like London, a city which had never been held in demesne as a whole by any overlord, the owner of a "soke" was naturally a great man, as we should say—an "alderman," as he was called by his contemporaries. So, too, the head of a Trade-Union who was able to control the movements of the workmen, and whose power counteracted and balanced that of the territorial magnate, was similarly an alderman. We may guess as we please as to the limitation or extension of the title; but for practical purposes it is best to look at the documents which remain, and to avoid theorizing as much as possible. If we accept Mr. Green's views as to the gradual settlement of the English within the walls deserted by the Britons, we obtain a base upon which to build. If, as some do, we reject them, and hold that the city was continuously inhabited from the Roman time, we shall find ourselves surrounded with a mist of doubt, difficulty, and theory from which only the wildest guessing will deliver us. That certain spaces within the walls were long destitute of inhabitants is unquestionable. That a denser population congregated about certain places—the foot of the bridge, for example, and the neighbourhood of the main roads, is also more than probable. A map of London with the ward divisions shows that, while one ward is extremely small, and is cut up into little parishes, and divided by numberless lanes, another is large, with scanty church accommodation, and with few ancient thoroughfares. We read of more than one of these large wards that at a comparatively recent date they were but sparsely inhabited. It stands to reason, then, that the denser the population in such a place as the London of that time, the more valuable the land; and all the documentary evidence that can now be gathered goes to show that the first aldermen in the civic as contradistinguished from the trading sense were those landowners of the territory comprised within the walls, who, by birth or preponderating influence of another kind, had become possessed of what, without the walls, would have been manorial jurisdiction. It was this manorial jurisdiction which changed hands by purchase; and we find among the early magnates wielding it not only aldermen, but the stewards of the "sokes" belonging to St. Paul's, to St. Martin-le-Grand, to the Bishop, to Lord FitzWalter, and to other landowners and officials. It is almost proved also that to the office of Portreeve the manor named Portsoken was attached as endowment.

The new report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission enables us to trace the early alderman much further back than has hitherto been possible. Mr. Maxwell Lyte has examined and calendered an enormous mass of documentary material belonging to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and now preserved in the Cathedral Library. Hitherto, with a rare exception at the British Museum and in a few other places, the oldest records known to relate to the city were those preserved at the Guildhall, very few of which date before the reign of Edward I. But at St. Paul's Mr. Lyte has discovered parchment after parchment of the most archaic character, many signed by the first Mayor, Henry of Londonstone, the son of Aylwin, and some by such half-forgotten city heroes as Thomas Fitz Thomas and Walter Hervey. Our present purpose in calling attention to these manuscripts is to point out the bearing they frequently have on the history of the aldermen and their system. Among the very earliest documents are some witnessed by aldermen, and some witnessed by the aldermen of the ward in which the property to be settled was situated. Thus, a grant by Herbert of St. Alban's of a piece of ground near Aldersgate, is witnessed by "Henry de Lundenston, Mayor of London," by William de Haverell, and by Thomas, his son. We know from the lists that William de Haverell was sheriff in the third year of Fitz Aylwin's incumbency of the mayoralty. We also know that Thomas de Haverell was sheriff in

1204, and he is described in one of these early deeds as alderman. But the first-named document shows us that the second Haverell was son of the first, a fact of genealogical and even of historical importance; and by a comparison of the two we find that either the father and son were aldermen of different wards, or that, which is much more likely, the ward in which Aldersgate and the ward in which Cripplegate stood were not yet separated, and belonged successively, like a country manor, to the Haverells. This is in accordance with all the antecedent probabilities. To take a more familiar case:—Stow mentions the purchase of the aldermanry of Farringdon Within, then described as the Ward of Ludgate and Newgate, from John le Fevre, by William Farringdon in 1279. John le Fevre had inherited it from Ralph, his father, who had bought it from Anketin de Auvergne, who, again, had obtained it from Thomas de Arderne. Here then we have a succession of at least five individuals, and may add two more, William de Bosco, before Arderne, as we learn from Mr. Lyte, and Nicholas, son of William Farringdon, who all either inherited or bought the aldermanry in succession. Mr. Lyte's calendar gives further information on the subject. It is not yet known for certain to what distance beyond the City walls this ward extended, but we now know that as early as 1260 Richard de Ewell was alderman of what is now Farringdon Without, and that he was preceded by Joyce Fitz Peter, who had previously been steward of the Soke of St. Martin. So that we have the names of two owners of this ward before Farringdon, and in all probability further examination of the papers will enable a complete list to be made for some of the wards reaching back to the first years of the mayoralty, if not far beyond them. Among Mr. Lyte's entries are such tantalizing lists as this:—Henry, Mayor of London; Thomas de Haverill, and Hamo Brant, sheriffs (marking the date as 1204); Roger Fitz Alan, Roger Duce, Alan Fitz Peter (was he related to Joyce Fitz Peter?); Ernulf Fitz Alulf, Richard Duket, William de Haverill, Constantine Fitz Alulf, Matthew the Alderman, Thomas the Alderman, and others. Probably all the above, as well as the two sheriffs and Matthew and Thomas, were aldermen, and a closer examination of the documents may reveal that and other important facts. Thus we have a grant of the church of St. John, near Aldersgate, to one Zacary "in alms for the term of his life," by the Dean and Chapter, and the deed, which is of high antiquity, is signed by fifteen witnesses, only two of whom seem to have borne surnames. A little later, in the reign of Henry II., Michael de Sancta Helena witnesses the grant of some land in the parish of St. John Zachary, and probably by that time "St. John Zachary" was taken to be a reference to the parentage of the Baptist. Happy guessing is certainly dangerous. The most judicious writer of the day on such subjects, the new Bishop of Chester, has thus conjectured that Michael of St. Helen's may, from his name, have been alderman of Bishopsgate; but in the document catalogued by Mr. Lyte he is alderman of the ward in which St. John's is situated, probably the same or nearly the same as the modern ward of Aldersgate, but certainly not that of Bishopsgate. This same Alderman St. Helen's is connected with the history of the trade guilds. When the guilds which were called adulterine, as not having the King's license, were, by a mere device to extort money, fined in the reign of Henry II., this Michael is described as alderman of a licensed guild; but among those who were so fined several who are known to have been City aldermen occur. Thus, we have William de Haverill and Peter Fitz Alan, both of whom are mentioned above. One of the oldest documents relates to the estates in different parts of London which belonged to the Dean and Chapter. It gives the names of fifteen aldermen, including "Algar Manningestepune" and Godwin Fitz Egar, who may well have been a son of Egar or Ansgar the Staller, who figures so largely in the history of the Conquest, for this list cannot be dated much later than 1130.

Since, therefore, we find aldermen in existence in London as far back as records go, it is not unreasonable to conclude that from the earliest date of the Saxon settlement there were great landowners called aldermen within what afterwards became wards. If we may quote Dr. Stubbs once more, London had in the Norman period "an aristocratic constitution, and had its unity, not in the municipal principle, but in that of the shire." The wards were manors descending from father to son, and readily saleable. The Church and certain lords had their exempt soke. All, even the heads of the trade guilds, were amenable to the King, and at first sheriffs and afterwards mayors were the go-betweens. In 1200 a kind of Council, formed of twenty-five eminent citizens, was summoned to assist the mayor, and this Council has usually been considered the origin of the Court of Aldermen. But there were not yet twenty-five wards, and though we cannot doubt that most of those who then bore the title of "aldermen" were included in the Council, we have no direct evidence on the point. In the beginning of the reign of Edward I. there was a final settlement of the wards, and a list in the earliest of the letter-books of the Corporation gives the names. At this time but few of the old territorial magnates remained, and the exempt soke were finally absorbed into the wards. As the old families died out their hereditary wards began to elect aldermen; and before the end of the thirteenth century the territorial system became extinct. There were many subsequent changes, both in the modes of election and in the position and power of aldermen, but substantially they are still what they were under Edward I. The number of wards has been increased by the addition of Southwark, in which district, however, the alderman is not elected, but is chosen

by his brethren from the existing body of aldermen, the senior member being always appointed. This arrangement, which only dates from Tudor times, might well be changed, and "Bridge Without" be privileged to elect for itself. There have been many proposals, chiefly emanating from the City itself, to extend the City boundaries and add to the number of the aldermen; but they have always been defeated by the production of some sweeping measure like the ill-fated Bill lately before the House of Commons; and improvement in the Corporation has thus constantly been prevented by those who clamour most loudly for reform. Where a moderate measure might be assured of success, the crude proposals of such legislators as Sir William Harcourt have only resulted in the maintenance of a system last modified under Philip and Mary.

ARTIST AND CRITIC.

ARTISTS—whether they be painters, actors, writers, musicians, or what not—are usually dissatisfied with their critics; and we will not deny that they have reasons for their discontent. Good criticism is at least as rare as good art of any other kind. But the artist when grumbling at his critics often asserts what we hold to be untrue—namely, that criticism to be valuable must proceed from a man who is himself skilled in the art of which he speaks. He says that the judgment of the ignorant should be disregarded, and he counts all men ignorant who cannot execute a masterpiece at least equal to his own best work. The artist, in fact, claims to be judged by his peers. The claim seems so reasonable that, if we dare to challenge it, we must do so with many reservations. In the mechanical arts, such as the forging of horseshoes or in arts of mere skill, such as cricket, the judgment of the laity, as we may call the unskilled public, is really worthless. To be a judge in these matters a man must have forged iron or played cricket, and in respect of the finer arts also we take it that as regards mere skill of workmanship, deftness of execution, the artist has such great advantages over the layman, that his verdict in respect of skill must be received without appeal. We here grant the artist a clear supremacy, and admit that a very bad sculptor will be a better judge of the skill shown in carving marble than the most learned connoisseur. He will recognize distinctions of touch, style, and method which are invisible to the multitude, and seen but dimly by unskilled lovers of the art. In painting, in music, in writing, in all fine arts, the same answer holds good. The skilful are the sole judges of skill; but in the fine arts skill is not all in all. The layman may say to the artist, your knowledge of technique is a snare. In judging a work of art you examine the workmanship, and forget to look at the work produced. Are you a writer? You allow the merit or demerit of word arrangements to distract your attention from the idea they should suggest. Are you a painter? You see paint, and not a picture. Are you a musician? You hear combinations, not music. The layman who says such things is guilty of gross exaggeration, and yet his words indicate a real danger to which an artist is liable when he plays the critic.

In mechanical arts the craftsman uses his skill to produce something useful, but (except in the rare case when he is at liberty to choose what he shall produce) his sole merit lies in skill. In the fine arts the student uses skill to produce something beautiful; he is free to choose what that something shall be, and the layman claims that he may and must judge the artist chiefly by the value in beauty of the thing done. Artistic skill contributes to beauty, or it would not be skill; but beauty is the result of many elements, and the nobler the art the lower is the rank which skill takes among them. The intense enjoyment which the artist takes in the exercise of his own skill, and from the generous and sympathetic perception of skill in others, tempts him to overvalue this element of beauty, whereas most laymen are apt to undervalue the skill which they only half perceive. Passing to higher walks of criticism, it is often said, and with some truth, that our judgment of artistic work should not depend on our mere personal perception, but should be based on some acknowledged principles or canons of art. Now the word principle is here used by the critic and artist in a very different sense from that attached to it by his scientific brethren; and a very pretty, but unconstructive, wrangle ensues when the man of science challenges the artist to put his principles into clear language. Nevertheless, it may be granted that the so-called principles of art current in each school at a given moment, though vaguely defined, imperfectly apprehended, illogical, and variable with the development of the art, do nevertheless exercise a healthy influence, especially on the great mass of ordinary men who get their living by that art; nay, it must be allowed that many statements about art made by Aristotle and Plato still seem true, but the sources from which a knowledge of these eternal canons can be gained are open to the layman as to the artist. Many men who have no practical skill in any art take great pleasure in studying the laws of art, and of these some are far more competent than most artists to collect experience, to analyse emotions, and to arrange in logical sequence the facts observed. The artist is seldom a man of clear thought, though instances to the contrary may be found. Nevertheless, here we think that the seeming advantages of the layman tend really to his disadvantage. In the mind of the artist the vaguely-apprehended principle may really live and guide his work; as religious faith may guide a man who could

neither defend a dogma by logic nor even apprehend its meaning with accuracy. The layman, precisely because he formulates his principles more clearly, is in greater danger of using them like formulae. He then obtains his judgment by a sort of calculation and can no longer trust his senses. In other words, he becomes a pedant. No form of criticism, not even the dogmatic, is so barren as that which endeavours to test the merit of a composition by a series of comparisons with a series of assumed standards. The elements of beauty cannot be weighed in a balance like chemical ingredients. We are not aware that any dramatic critic (with the possible exception of Mr. William Winter) has spoken of a play as containing fifteen measures of variety, ten of repose, six of style, and so forth, though we suspect that professorial examiners in literature have before now endeavoured to estimate the comparative excellence of essays by some such simple numerical process; but even when numbers are eschewed, the critic who systematically considers a work of art under a series of heads, and endeavours to appraise its value by ascertaining how far it squares with each successive rule, is trying to measure beauty with a tape line. A man's judgment of a work of art, be he artist or layman, should come to him as a direct perception, although, when he desires to understand his sensation or to explain it to others, he may have recourse to analysis and comparison. The artist is in less danger than the layman of inverting the proper order.

Yet this is rather a dangerous argument to use in favour of the artist—that he is less likely to go wrong because he trusts less to his intellect. If we leave the mere principles of art and consider other kinds of knowledge, such as the history of art, the literature of art, the lives of artists, and so forth, the average artist certainly stands at no advantage over the connoisseur.

Besides skill and knowledge there is a third qualification which a man must have who would judge soundly of any art. He must be capable of deriving intense pleasure from what the art produces. He must really enjoy that particular kind of beauty—the delight a man feels in looking at a picture, in hearing music, in seeing acting, is a proof that he possesses at least the rudiments of that sense which, when duly cultivated, may enable him to be a good critic of the given art. Here, again, the artist seems at first to stand at great advantage. The mere choice of his profession proves that, far from being indifferent to the contemplation of the works in question, he so loves them that he is willing to spend his life in trying to acquire the power to produce these good things. Yet other men can show that they love beauty. The professed critic may say that he, no less than the artist, gives his life to the contemplation of art. Many buyers of pictures buy them because they enjoy them. And the price they give is evidence, so far as it goes, that the enjoyment must be considerable. And, indeed, there are fortunately thousands of men and women, neither artists nor critics, who find a considerable portion of their happiness in the enjoyment of some form of art. The first impulse which made the artist choose his profession was probably due to an enjoyment keener than that of any among this crowd; but, as life wears on, the use of this fine art-sense of his to make bread nubs the nerves. Praise, blame, hope, fear, rivalry, habit, the influence of his set—all these things warp his art-sense, and many of them lessen the pleasure he derives from art. Whereas the layman keeps his art-sense fresh. The pettiness of life cannot taint the pleasure he takes in beauty. It is, indeed, true that the regular and wise use of any faculty tends to its improvement. This is that cultivation by which taste becomes good taste. But here, again, the layman has some advantage. The artist almost invariably becomes a specialist. And his taste, no less than his execution, is thereby specialized. He attaches overwhelming importance to some few qualities of which he is an unrivalled judge. To other beauties he is blind, deaf, and callous. If you hear a man who is clearly interested in pictures, plays, or music openly proclaim that Raffaele could not paint, that Shakspeare was a poor dramatist, or that Beethoven was grossly ignorant of music, you may guess that man to be an artist. His thesis is all the more amusing because usually he is right so far as he goes—that is to say, the qualities he admires are in all probability good qualities enough, and are more or less absent from the work which he rejects. He is only wrong in attributing overwhelming value to minor merits.

The question we are discussing is of far more practical importance to artists than to laymen. The many will have their way whatever artists may think of the value of their judgment. The public holds the purse-strings, and so commands a hearing; we commonly hear artists lament this. The painter, for instance, speaks contemptuously of pot-boilers, and grieves over the sad necessity which binds him to give, not that which he knows to be best, but that which the ignorant public will buy. To these men we would say there is an ignorant public for whom you may at your choice write or paint, and so make large sums of money; but there is also a cultivated public whom your very best work cannot satisfy. This cultivated public is now so large that no really good work ever fails to produce a livelihood for the artist. If, then, you produce pot-boilers knowing you can do better, this is not the fault of the public, but your own fault. This, however, is a mere side issue to the general question raised, whether the artist should work mainly with a view to satisfy other artists, or to satisfy that portion of the public which is interested in his art and has a cultivated taste.

We have no doubt which solution to prefer. The great artist must, indeed, satisfy the priesthood of his art, but he must work

for mankind, not merely for his fellow-craftsmen. He must not be content with a neat garden-plot, he must reign over a great world. Yet we know how difficult it is for him to believe in the existence of an artist's world outside his little ring of friends. The painter hears the world speak of his pictures, dismissing the work of months with some curt and pert remark. The great actor sees the world neglect him for some pretty girl—some noisy fool; musicians see the world enjoying barrel-organs and brass bands. What wonder if the artist is tempted to despise the world! But among his friends the artist finds knowledge, taste, and courtesy combined, with some appreciation of the effect required to produce even a passable result. He and his friends loathe the poor vulgar work which deceives the great mass of men, and they despise a public which is cheated so easily. The artist has tangible proofs that real criticism exists in his own circle, and it is hard indeed for him to believe that in that vague, unknown, incoherent mass of creatures outside live his real masters, his true judges. Yet this is so. Every priesthood is similarly tempted to believe that the priest is not to be judged by the people; but all forms of religion, including that of art, are in the end judged by the religious laity, and surely this is well. Why should religion be, if not for the people? The relation of the artist to the public is that of the priest to mankind.

But here some artist might say, "I agree that I shall work for mankind. I desire strongly that a large part of mankind shall be so cultivated as to be able to judge and appreciate my work. I admit that among the laity there are men whose judgment I value very highly, and who are therefore in one sense my critics; but these men should not seek to impose their opinions on others. They have a right to their private judgment, which is often excellent; but they have no right to preach. I court private criticism; but these laics must not hold forth in books and journals professing to act as accredited guides. For this purpose, at least, it is wise to have a priesthood, so that the really ignorant may not be led away by strange doctrines."

It is, indeed, highly convenient that there should exist some recognized critical body in each art, and this body should, we take it, consist wholly of artists. In the Royal Academy, with its power of selection and rejection, we have one body of this kind. The French Academy is another instance; the Comédie Française is a third; but, except in the case in which the artists are writers, it would seem desirable that the expression of opinion given by the artist judges should be mute. If painters or musicians tried to formulate a corporate judgment they would meet with much difficulty. Even the writers cannot accomplish this. They have to delegate the duty of writing an authoritative criticism to each member of their body in turn, and this plan could hardly be adopted in other arts. In fact, the right to print one's judgment depends in great measure on the power of expressing it, and the power of doing this belongs to the writer caste alone. Hence we find that of necessity the professed critics are literary men. Painters, musicians, actors, are all judged by journalists; not because journalists know more of these things by nature than other people, but because they can write what they feel in such a way that people will read it, and whether this be right or wrong it is inevitable. There are indeed some writers who treat criticism itself as a fine art, or rather as one branch of literary art. Taking a book, a picture, or a song as text, they write a graceful essay. Whether the opinions of such a critic as this are right or wrong matters little—the essay is ingenious, learned, suggestive. It contains something for the artist, something for the connoisseur, something for the public. It has a beginning, a middle, and an end. Yet the painter or musician who reads the essay must often writhe with indignation at the judgments given. They may find comfort in the thought of the larger public who cannot write neat essays, but who answer to the magic call of art whenever the piping is true. This public reads the neat essays because in their way they, too, are artistic; but when a great play, a great book, or a great picture shines out through the daily fog of life, not all the little literary essays of all the little literary men on earth can hide the new sun.

Beyond and above the journalist, the essayist, the prophet, and the artist there is a wiser judge—not any one man living now or in the past or future, but that section of mankind which, by an extension of the analogy we have used in contrasting artist and layman, we may call the Art Church. All true art believers of all times are members of this church. Each honest art lover in his day brings some little atom of his soul to nourish this great judge, and each little element building the spiritual whole coheres in virtue of its fitness.

The Art Church has its schisms, offshoots, heresies, reformations. Even in her bosom there is no abiding rest; but poor fallible mankind can provide no better champion for beauty.

DOWN THE RHINE IN 1789.

THE Rhine tourist of to-day will ere long have succeeded in reducing himself to mere reading about the beauties of the river: just as many a man who never whipped a stream luxuriates over *The Compleat Angler*. Since the Rhine and the Main have been flanked in all their length from Frankfurt downwards by a pair of rival railways—as if one were not one too many—the steamers carry comparatively few foreigners, as is but too uncomfortably

forced upon the old-fashioned conscientious Rhine tramp, when he, loose, luggageless, and void of care, now and again puts his foot in a crammed and baking train, reeking with the fumes of sulphurous bad coal. But burdened merely with his "grip" he rapidly escapes at some little roadside station rejoicing, and leaves the panting trainful to pursue its stifling journey to the next big town. All the humours of the road and river are his, all the quiet pitches and the old-fashioned inns that still hold on at the small-bout stations which the unhappy tourist who has given security to fortune in the shape of a whole cargo of trunks, band-boxes, and a family, passes by in blissful ignorance. And it is only the wily tramp, the old dog up to all the soft places of the hardest road, who can thoroughly enjoy the records of those who trod the same paths years—let us say a century—before him.

Robineau, who anagrammed his name into de Beaunoir, made a trip down the Rhine from Mainz in 1789, partly in a small boat and partly on foot, and published his interesting *Voyage sur le Rhin* anonymously two years later, at Mettra's press, at Neuwied, the same that published the *Correspondance littéraire secrète*, and the *Gespräche der Todten*. Driven from France by "great injustice and the despotism of imperious Ministers," who, he said, had despoiled him of a property worth more than 100,000*l.*, he eventually placed himself under the protection of the politic Prince of Wied, who was then attracting all the settlers he could to his new town. As one picks one's way through Robineau's couple of by no means ordinary volumes, adorned with several large and impossibly odd engravings, a good many interesting things not to be found in guide-books may be noted. Very early in his journal he warns the visitor against the robbers of the inns. One good general rule was never to go to one recommended by your hardened old boatman or your leathery postilion, who were in league with the thieves whose caves they extolled. And they made good use of them too; for, says Robineau, they would get tipsy at breakfast, keep it up all day, if they were let, with a *Schoppen* at every Gasthaus they passed—they were and are not wanting on "the banks that bear the vine"—and put the finishing touch to the day and to themselves by getting perfectly drunk at your expense at supper. But your genuine Rhine tramp, with his "traps" few or none—*cantabit vacuus*, as Juvenal and the *Delectus* have it—before any Schinderhannes of them all, and, regardless of consequences, can even hurl Kikero—

To sound or sink in *cans* O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K—

can even hurl Cicero at their heads, bidding them farewell with a "*Hora nulla vacua a furto, a scelere, a flagitio!*" Still, Robineau, like the moderns, was not above doing a little touting for a favourite hotel. One of these was the Mainzerhof, on the Carmeliten Platz at Mainz, where the landlord was honest and attentive, and entertained his guests with amusing and instructive talk while he served them an excellent table-d'hôte. At Bingen he has a good word for his lodgings, "zum Riesen," and at St. Goar he became quite affected by the ceremonies of the Händeln at the "Grünen Walde"—a vanished custom, like our swearing at Highgate—when he ransomed himself with many bottles from the collar of the sons of Carolus Magnus, and drank a dozen healths to a variety of electors out of the famous silver goblets. He confesses to passing "a very gay evening," and, for all his abuse of the boatmen's suppers, he has to record that he did not effect a start the next day until very late, "so sorry was I to leave the charming place!" At Coblenz the landlord of the large and spacious "Wilder Mann," who was also a bookseller (all these old signs have long since disappeared), received him with everything that a traveller could desire, including three pretty daughters. Accordingly, he is praised—would there were more like him nowadays!—as educated, active, open, and obliging.

This observant tourist never ceased wondering at the numbers of convents—which never ceased either—along the river. At Mainz, his starting-point, he went to see the library and cellars of the Benedictine abbey, of which he slyly notes that it is said the one has as many rare and precious MSS. as the other holds old and exquisite wines. But he thought the cellar in better order than the library, and it was certainly more frequented. Still there were three librarians who were paid salaries of six and eight hundred florins; but these patient Benedictines held sinecures, for—and here comes in a little snap of true humour—the library had not yet been built. This was pretty bad for Gutenberg's incunabula, and by the way our traveller was shown his birth-house in the Schustergasse, while the accurate Bedeker now puts it some way off in the Emmeranagasse, both of which lanes may be left to quarrel for him as the Greek cities did, and do, such as are left of them, for Homer. Near Boppard he counted six convents in half-an-hour's walk; at Neuendorf were three more, so close together that the nuns in any one, without lifting their voices, could easily give the responses to the others. Outside Andernach, in a charming spot, was the rich abbey of the noble ladies of the rule of St. Augustine or St. Thomas, who admitted no postulant who could not prove sixteen quarterings, and of whom the old joke might have been made that their names were inscribed alike in the *Almanach de Gotha* and the Book of Life. The "holy town" of Cologne then held eleven chapters, including those of some other noble dames, the nuns of St. Ursula and St. Mary; nineteen monasteries, thirty-nine nunneries, nineteen parish churches, and forty-nine chapels. It was quite a second Rome, and, with its hospital sisters, its pious women known by the nickname of *quasola*, and its monks unattached, who were abused

as *blaffertarij*—from the old Cologne three-halfpenny coin, the blaffert—there could not have been less than 2,500 ecclesiastics of all kinds and sexes living among a population of less than 40,000. At the same time (for, as a Japanese proverb has it, the bottom of the scound is dark) the morals of the town kept no pace with its devotions, and the Colonial ladies had a well-established custom of giving assignations in the churches whose numbers allowed them easily to play hide-and-seek with their relations. All beggards, too, seemed to be congregated in the town, an accompaniment in all ages of an excess of sacerdotalism; near a third of the population were sturdy lay beggars, who swarmed at the church doors and the street corners, and in the public squares, roundly abusing those who went by without an alms. At the same time there was not a lamp in the town, or a night-patrol. The burghers shut themselves up in their houses after dark, and any one who ventured out was certain to be robbed, if not murdered. It was the middle ages over again, although the town government was Republican in form, and "the thing called French Revolution," as Carlyle has it, was just starting in life with the destruction of the Bastille. The Dom, of which Robineau gave an excellent large-scale plan and complete elevation, was then in a bad way. The north tower was but 21 feet high, and the south, of course, bore the crane that we still remember, and which had lasted four hundred years when it was taken down in 1868. Inside, a low wooden ceiling masked the lofty vaulting of the roof. Robineau was all for the classic styles. He liked "the noble and majestic simplicity" of the Romanesque altar of black marble better than the whole cathedral, whose Gothic but little pleased his eye, while the mellowness of its decay was repulsive. But he was always down on the free Imperial city, "the most detestable town in Germany." When he landed at its Rheinthor they were relieving guard; but the guard did not want to be relieved, for, being one of the most frequented gates, it was also one of the best for *pourboires*. Thereupon arose a loud wrangle. "Who commands you?" said the impatient traveller. "We command ourselves." "Of what use are your officers, then?" "We can do without officers." "That's a funny arrangement," rejoined Robineau, laughing. Whereupon the face of an old soldier reddened up a little, and said he, "I served the King of Prussia for sixteen years, and you may judge that I know something of subordination and the profession of arms. Misfortunes have driven me to re-enlist here, and now I do like the rest—I am a soldier after the Cologne fashion, where it is the duty of the younger to give way to their elders." There could be no more extreme illustration of the old ante-Prussian military system.

Robineau has much to say about the tolls on the Rhine, through long ages the bane of trade and the bone for which its noble robbers contended. To find a parallel nowadays we must go to the depredations committed by the tribes of savage Africa on travellers and caravans. In that epochal year of 1789 there were between Mainz and St. Goar five custom-houses, and thence to Leutesdorf opposite Andernach were five more, making ten in the short space of 22 leagues. This was the worst bit of the voyage, although there were fourteen tolls lower down between Düsseldorf and Dordrecht. At each toll-house there were four officials who took the dues, half from the owner of the merchandise and half from the pilot, who also paid a personal tax. The ancient tariffs, written with the spear and the battle-axe, had never been revised, and were so enormous that their collection was impossible. Thus the excisemen only took as much as they could get, and, as a general rule, the more grasping the receiver the less went into the elector's coffers. But the four electors were estopped from any reform by the eighth article of the Bulla Aurea of 1356, the fundamental law of Germany, to which the Emperor was sworn at his coronation. Below the Königstuhl even a solitary tourist like Robineau had to cross the Rhine to Oberlahnstein to pay a poll-tax to the Elector of Mainz.

At Mainz itself he visited a Baron von Dünnewald, to see a wonderful harpsichord of his own invention which had cost a thousand louis. With four "registers" and two alphabets it mimicked all sorts of instruments, and demanded such gymnastics from the performer upon it that the perspiration rolled down the inventor's cheeks as he exhibited its paces. This harmonious and mechanical baron had many other strange things about him, including an oratory where, by his own account, he daily passed some time in meditation. At all events, he shocked his visitor's nerves with it, for no sooner had he passed the threshold than the ground yawned and a dilapidated coffin rose to view, disclosing a decaying corpse, which looked him straight in the face and pointed to a vacant place at its side. "De Beaunoir," or Robineau, notes, too, from Schlözer's *Universal History* how that the Apostle of Central Germany, the English wheelwright, and Archbishop Winfrid, *alias* St. Boniface (died 755), who gave the wheel which marks Höchst China to the arms of Mainz, had, under the protection of Pepin le Bref and Pope Zacharias, taught the Maguntians writing, established their hierarchy, and turned them from the eating of horseflesh. If this may be believed, the petty prejudice against the *solidungula* is but a mere trifle of a thousand years old, and the fact may be of some use to those most violent of the anti-vegetarians who think nothing of battering on a Shetland pony or making soup of the patient ass. The holy coat of Trèves was then also in the arsenal of Ehrenbreitstein, and may have disappeared from there when the French Republicans starved out the citadel ten years later. Robineau remarks that he had seen the same garment in a Benedictine convent at Argenteuil. The

said arsenal held a wonderful piece of ordnance called the "griffin," 17 feet 3 inches long, which the Elector of Trèves, Reichard von Greifenklau, had cast at Frankfurt. It carried a ball of 160 lbs., and bore the quaint motto:—

Vogel Greif heis ich;
Meinem gnädigen Herrn von Trier dienn ich;
Wo er mich heist gewalden,
Da will ich Dohrn und Mauren zuspalten.
Simon gos mich, 1528.

Robineau, who settled down at Neuwied, as above—to employ a useful but long-dropped phrase of Defoe's—naturally devotes much space to its prince, and to the Herrnhuters, or "evangelical brethren of the Confession of Augsburg," who moved there from Herrnhag in 1750. He probably exaggerates the number of inhabitants in placing it between 6,000 and 7,000, for Bædeker only put it at 8,534 ten years ago. He says he sought in vain upon the peaceful brows of these Moravians for any index of pleasure or content. They must have somewhat changed in a century; still, the impression their dead-and-alive unhealthy countenances now convey is one of smug self-satisfaction; and there are manifestly not the makings of one hearty, healthy shout of laughter among the whole population of the mean little straight-ruled draughtboard of a town, whose principal, and appropriate, products—to quote Bædeker again—are "starch, chicory, and tin-ware."

COLONIAL BORROWINGS.

THE Colonial Governments have good reason to rejoice that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has proposed the conversion of the National Debt, since the proposal has greatly raised their credit. This week, for example, the Government of New South Wales asked for a loan of 5½ millions sterling, bearing interest at no more than 3½ per cent. per annum. It fixed the minimum price, below which it would receive no tender, at 92 per cent. The applications have been for nearly two and a half times the amount asked for; and the average price obtained has been 93½. 13s. 6d., or 33s. 6d. more than the minimum fixed by the Government. To a large extent the great number of applications is fictitious. Members of the Stock Exchange and capitalists outside are in the habit of forming syndicates—that is, informal temporary partnerships, confined to the immediate purpose in hand, with the view of applying for Colonial loans. Several members belong to these syndicates; but the management is entrusted to a few, who form a kind of inner committee. They usually send in applications for much more stock than they wish to get, in order to make sure that, if only a proportion of the amounts applied for is granted, they shall still obtain nearly the whole of the loan. For instance, in the case before us, applicants at the price of 93½. 12s. were allotted no more than 55 per cent. of the amounts applied for; and yet it is understood that the syndicates have got nearly the whole of the loan. Although, then, a great parade is made of the number of applications, and the large amounts tendered for, in reality the applicants have got quite as much as they desired. But the price certainly shows that the loan has been a decided success—so far, at least, as the Government is concerned. It has got, as we have said, 33s. 6d. per cent. above the minimum price fixed. If the whole loan had gone at the minimum, the return to the investor would be 3½. 16s.; as it is, the return is only 3½. 14s. The Government, therefore, saves two shillings per cent., or about 5,500*l.* a year, in the interest on the loan. There is much complaint in the City against these syndicates; but upon the whole they play a useful part. Usually there are not enough investors ready to take up a considerable loan like this at once. Men invest their savings as soon as they have put by a few hundreds or a few thousands according to the magnitude of their incomes; and it is rarely that there are investors with five and a half millions sterling of savings lying idle to take up a single loan. Of course the savings waiting for investment at present greatly exceed five and a half millions sterling; but then the owners are not content to invest all in the stock of a single Colonial Government, yielding less than 3½ per cent. on the money invested. Consequently, if a Colonial Government had to look only to the investor, it would have to tempt him by offering the loan at a very low price. As it is, the syndicates buy at high prices, hold over the stock until investors are ready to buy it up, and hope that in the process they will make a profit. The syndicates, in fact, perform a function somewhat similar to that of the wholesale houses in trade; they buy wholesale and sell retail. Just now they are encouraged to do this on a great scale because Colonial Government stocks are in much favour with the public, and because they have realized very handsome profits during the past six months. The syndicates are said always to hold large amounts of Colonial Government stocks; and, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed the conversion of Consols last April, there was such a rush to sell Consols on the part of small investors and to buy Colonial Government stocks that it is said the syndicates have nearly parted with all the supply they had on hand, and have made a very considerable profit. They have, therefore, funds to buy up the new stocks now being offered, and to keep them over until fresh investment takes them up. According to all appearance, there will be plenty of stocks offered before long to employ all their funds, and to test whether they are right in their present eagerness to subscribe.

Since the beginning of 1881—that is, just three years and three-

quarters—the Colonial loans raised in London have just reached sixty millions sterling. This is not far short of half the existing debts of the Governments that have applied to the London market during this time. In other words, sixteen Colonial Governments in three years and three-quarters have raised sums equal to nearly one-half of the total of their existing debt. It is true that a considerable amount of the new loans have been issued for the purpose of paying off old loans that were running at a higher rate of interest. In itself that is a wise course to pursue, and no doubt the Colonial Governments, now that their credit stands so high, will reduce the interest of their debt whenever opportunity offers. But while the fact should be borne in mind as showing that the net addition to the debt has not been so large as the new loans brought out would seem to say, it is yet true, as the large borrowings of the three years and three-quarters show, that the Colonial Governments have been very seriously increasing their debts. They are reducing the charge for the debts; but the capital they are continually and largely adding to. This is an extremely serious matter. The total revenue of the sixteen Governments in question somewhat exceeded thirty-five millions sterling in the year 1881. Consequently, in the three years and three-quarters these Governments have raised not far short of two years' revenue in the shape of debt; and what makes the matter more serious is that the new borrowings have been at a greatly accelerated rate during the past two years. In 1881 they did not quite amount to 8 millions sterling; in 1882 they were under 7½ millions sterling; but last year they exceeded 24 millions sterling, and in the present year up to date they are just 22 millions, and it is known that the loans impending are for very large amounts. In fairness it must be admitted that the temptation to the Colonial Governments to raise money at present in the London market is strong. Owing to the state of foreign politics, Foreign Government stocks are discredited just now, and the ruinous losses that have been incurred by holders of American railroad securities have created a distrust of everything American. At the present time, consequently, investors confine their purchases almost entirely to British railway stocks and to Colonial Government stocks. The proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the conversion of the debt have led, moreover, to sales of Consols on an enormous scale, and to investment in Colonial Government securities. The Colonial Governments, seeing the prices of their stocks steadily rising, and hearing reports of the eagerness of investors to buy them up, are naturally tempted to take advantage of the adventitious credit they enjoy, and, lest anything should occur, to borrow now whatever they may require. As the figures cited above show, even before the conversion proposals they had been increasing enormously their borrowings in this country; and it is to be regretted for their sake that a new inducement has been held out to them. If they go on at the present rate of borrowing, they will certainly before long land themselves in serious difficulties.

It may be objected that the loans are raised almost exclusively for reproductive purposes—railways, telegraphs, municipal improvements, and the like; that the population of the Colonies is rapidly growing; that the public works are increasing the facilities for augmenting the population, and are developing the resources of the Colonies; in short, that every investment so greatly augments the wealth of the Colonies that it is a wise and sound policy to borrow where money is plentiful and cheap for the purpose of investing it in countries where it is scarce and dear. No doubt this would be true if the borrowings were kept within moderate limits. The population of the Colonies is growing, and doubtless will grow, as population becomes more and more redundant in Europe. And the investment of European capital, as a matter of course, develops the resources and increases the wealth of the Colonies, if prudently made. But it is not to be forgotten that even development of the resources of a country may be carried too far. Nobody disputes, for example, that the construction of new railways in the United States will in the long run prove advantageous; yet railway building there has been carried to such an excess during the past four years that the promoters and contractors have in a large proportion been ruined; investors even in the old and well-established Companies have suffered serious losses, and the trade of the country has been paralysed. Recovery will come by-and-by, and both population and trade will grow, so as to give traffic even to the new lines; but in the meantime suffering is extreme and the losses are ruinous. Again, look at the case of France. That the new railways about to be constructed are required by the country, and in the long run will prove profitable, is demonstrated by the fact that the old Companies have engaged to build them, merely stipulating for an extension of their concessions for a definite number of years. Yet the construction of public works at the rapid rate of a few years ago landed the Government in serious financial embarrassments and paralysed trade. The Colonies are far poorer than either the United States or France; they are less able to support a great lock-up of capital, and they are much more likely to suffer seriously from over-construction of public works. Unless, therefore, they are cautious in the course upon which they are now embarking, they will certainly bring about a crisis that will compromise their future and seriously embarrass the people. Nor is it to be forgotten that, though the railways and other public works will pay in the long run, they do not pay immediately. In the United States railways are built almost exclusively by private enterprise. If, therefore, a railway proves unremunerative, the private subscribers may be ruined, but the taxpayers

suffer no loss. On the contrary, in the Colonies railways are built almost exclusively by the Governments; and, if railways are unprofitable, the loss falls not on private capitalists, who for the most part can afford it, but upon the taxpayers generally. If the losses should prove heavy and a long depression should follow, the development of the Colonies would be checked, and their growth would be materially retarded. Moreover, it is to be recollected that, even from a political point of view, the policy which they are now pursuing is questionable. All the great Governments of Europe appear to be resolved upon founding new Colonies and extending their transmarine possessions in all directions. Colonial development of this kind cannot go on to any great extent without affecting more or less the interests of our own Colonies; and the Colonial Governments would, therefore, be wise not to involve their credit too seriously, while their immediate future is so uncertain. Our remarks apply, of course, with greater force to some Colonies than to others. New South Wales, for instance, which has been borrowing this week, has sinned less than most others. Its territories are large; its population is growing rapidly; its prosperity is great; it has not up to the present abused the advantages it enjoys, and its credit, therefore, is well deserved. But even New South Wales is entering upon a policy of railway construction which is, to say the least, risky, and other Colonies have been far less prudent than New South Wales. Some of them have been actually rash, and have borrowed more than they ought to have borrowed already; yet these Colonies—New Zealand, for example—are about to come to the London money market again as applicants for money.

THE ART OF HISSING.

IT is a common complaint of the day that certain properties, qualities, powers, capacities (whatever be the right word) enjoyed by our fathers have not descended to their sons. They are among the lost arts. The art of talking, of writing letters (of writing our language at all, some extreme purists say), the art of behaviour, the art of making pretty things (and speeches), the art of enjoying life—all these arts, and others which a little thought will bring to mind, have vanished. Like sedan-chairs, the old brick-red postage-stamps, crinolines, half-price at the theatres, *Fraser's Magazine*, and Mr. Bradlaugh—they are of the Past. They were, and are not. But though much has been taken from us; though

We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven,

something has been added. The thieving years, much as they steal, bring something in their train. Old age they bring, 'tis true, and wrinkles, and grey hairs, for all our piety. But they have brought us also the Art of Hissing.

For it is clear that hissing, properly considered, is an art. Charles Lamb had suspicions that way, and he knew something about it. He had been hissed—that might fall to any man's lot; but he had also *hissed himself*—and that, we suspect, is a philosophical joy that few have had the courage to experience. After joining heartily in damning, after the approved theatrical fashion, his unfortunate farce, he went home and consoled himself, not like Byron, by drinking divers bottles of claret, but by writing (a part also, by the way, of Byron's consolation) his famous article "On the Custom of Hissing at the Theatres." In this, it will be remembered, he amused himself "with analysing this many-headed hydra, which calls itself the public, into the component parts of which it is 'complicated, head and tail,' and seeing how many varieties of the snake kind it can afford." Five kinds, among many, he particularized—the common English snake, the blind-worm, the rattlesnake, the whipsnake, the deaf adder. Those who do not remember his definitions of the different species should turn to the essay. It is extremely instructive reading, and most consoling to unsuccessful authors and others.

The consideration of this important subject has been resumed in our own day. We are not so amusing over it as Charles Lamb, but we are much more serious. In Lamb's day, if a player or a play did not please, the people hissed, and there was an end of it—a common and inglorious end. The play was changed as soon as might be; the player played better, if he could—if he could not he went off and played elsewhere, where tastes were less critical or tongues less unruly. We have changed all that now. If a hiss be heard in our theatres, one little single hiss, then—

Twenty thousand Englishmen
Will know the reason why.

The question which has recently stirred the public mind to its depths is this, Shall the practice of hissing be any longer suffered in our theatres? It seems to be pretty generally allowed that the custom is in the main a righteous and a sound one. "The custom of pronouncing condemnation," we are told, "besides encouraging a healthy interest in the drama, is beneficial to actors and audiences." One or two are indeed in doubt if it might not be better to pronounce condemnation by silently stealing away, like the Arab in the poem, than to remain to scoff noisily, and perchance disturb the pleasure of others less critically minded. This, they say, is the American fashion, but we do not think it one likely to become popular here either with actors or audiences. As a rule, people are quite as sensitive in their corporeal as in their intellectual feelings; they would probably dislike having their

toes trodden on quite as much as having their æsthetic enjoyment disturbed. Most actors, too, we think would sooner be hissed than deserted. Johnson said all authors would much rather be attacked than unnoticed, and the feelings of authors and actors seem pretty much on a level. Besides, even a dog, so naturalists tell us, would sooner be beaten than neglected. The good old English custom of hissing is clearly, then, best, but no less clearly is it one to be practised only under certain conditions and limitations, and it is in considering these that the real difficulty begins. To poor simple folk, ignorant of the theatre and its ways, the matter might seem plain enough. If I wish to express pleasure at a theatre I do so by applauding; if I wish to express dissatisfaction I do so by hissing; surely that ends it. By no means. Though you may be dissatisfied, there may be others among the audience who are not so; possibly, too, some of the actors may differ from you, or even the author. You have clearly no right to disturb their enjoyment. If they do not agree with you, so much the worse for you. Besides, hissing is the last word, the capital sentence, of the theatre. "Disapproval," says our modern authority on the art, "must be very strong indeed to justify clamorous condemnation." It is only the Bad which merits disapproval, and if you read your newspapers aright you will see that no plays or players are bad. Some may not be quite so superlative as others, but none are bad. You may think some are so, but it is only that, as Lamb says, your nonsense does not happen to suit their nonsense. For so slight a matter of difference as that who would hiss?

But, the simple one may then ask, how about applause? Misplaced applause is often quite as irksome as misplaced dissatisfaction. Why should people applaud a thing I think bad? And pray, sir, who are you to decide what is good and bad? If people applaud, it is because, with their finer intelligence, they can detect beauties that escape your blinded eyesight. In a theatre no applause can be misplaced. If the matter of the moment does not seem to deserve it, there is the memory of the past, the anticipation of the future. "You go," says our authority again (not Lamb), "to the National Gallery and see pictures of Italy and Greece, which in most important respects are not to be compared to what you see on the stage." Think of that, O malecontent! We are going to pay 70,000*l.* to put a picture, one single picture, in our National Gallery, and you can go to the theatre, which gives good things of more value than all the contents of the National Gallery together, for a few pence! And in such a paradise of intellectual splendour you grudge a clap or so if it does not happen to jump with your humour. Moreover, let it be always remembered, men (vile wretches!) can be hired to hiss, or, some say, will hiss for very wantonness. But the volleyed thunders of applause which shake the walls of a theatre on the first night of a new play are the spontaneous tributes of the admiration of an intelligent and independent people wrought to the fever-heat of enthusiasm by the magic wine of Genius.

Hissing, then, is clearly an art, a great art. Like many other arts to which, after our long Puritanical sleep of centuries, we are now slowly awakening, it is as yet but imperfectly understood. But the appreciation of it is spreading. Rome—and the illustration, though trite, is apt, for Rome was saved by hissing—Rome, we say, was not built in a day. We must have patience, and the time will come when we shall be renewed by it. Meanwhile it is above all things essential that the first principles of the art be certainly understood. They are these—that we have all of us a perfect right to hiss in any theatre, but only under certain conditions, which conditions can never exist in so blessed a theatrical state as ours. That is the humour of it.

RAILWAYS IN CHINA.

IN a country where time is no object; where punctuality is unknown; and where haste is regarded as a sign of ill-breeding, the introduction of railways seems a superfluous anomaly. And yet stress of circumstances has so forced the hands of the statesmen of China that an Imperial decree has, we are told, been issued inviting proposals for the construction of railways through the northern portions of the Empire. Thus the day has arrived which has for years been looked forward to by financial syndicates, groups of contractors, and ambitious foreign engineers. Already, no doubt, plans and maps which have been kept carefully pigeon-holed at Shanghai and Hong Kong in preparation for the turn which events are now taking are on their way to Prince Kung's successor at Peking, and to his omnipotent lieutenant, Li Hung-chang, whose only difficulty will be to make choice of the best among the many schemes which will be laid before them. It is, however, by no means certain that foreigners, or, at all events, any subjects of the Great Powers, will have much to do with the construction of the proposed lines. The Chinese have shown of late a natural desire to do their own work, or if foreign help has to be called in, to employ people of nationalities whose desire to encroach may reasonably be considered as limited by their lack of power to trespass. Thus to Danes has fallen much of the work connected with laying the new telegraph lines, which, from a Chinese point of view, could not safely be entrusted to subjects of States possessing large armies and powerful fleets.

On the subject of the adoption of railways the Chinese have hitherto proved themselves stolidly indifferent to the promptings of active plenipotentiaries and of interested advisers. For some years it has been foreseen by the most enlightened of their states-

men that railways are inevitable, but at the same time they have wisely determined to wait for the demand of a naturally developed want, and have set their faces steadily against pandering either to a gushing philanthropy or to the outcry begotten of a manufactured need. In this spirit they refused, on behalf of the late Emperor, the present of a railway which a number of well-meaning English capitalists proposed to lay down in the palace grounds for the amusement of His Imperial Majesty; and they pulled up the Woosung railway, which, having been made for the purpose of stimulating the appetite of the people for railways, enjoyed a chequered course of popularity, litigation, and financial loss for just six weeks. As though destined to be the unfortunate plaything of people in advance of the age, the *matériel* of this railway was shipped to Formosa by an enthusiastic mandarin who thought it possible to regenerate the island by carrying passengers and goods about it at the rate of thirty miles an hour. He even succeeded in collecting several hundred thousand dollars to make his road, but before he could begin the work, he was transferred to another scene of usefulness, and the mandarin who entered on his labours entered also into the possession of his accumulated dollars. From that day to this nothing further has been heard of the fund, and the rails and rolling-stock are at this moment rusting on the Formosan wharves.

But during the eight years which have elapsed since the Woosung fiasco, events have occurred which have educated the native mind at an unprecedented rate. One of the most awful famines which have ever visited any country has desolated whole provinces of the Empire; there have been wars in the outlying dependencies, rumours of wars with Russia and Japan, and an actual crossing of swords with France. The telegraphs also, which now carry messages from Peking to Canton in a few minutes, have aggravated the growing impatience at the slowness of the means of transport from one place to another, and the natural result of these conditions is the now expressed desire to have the iron horse running through the land. Private interests are also in favour of the innovation, and Prince Ch'un, the Emperor's father, who, according to the *quidnuncs* of Shanghai, is opposed to everything foreign, has inaugurated his accession to power by giving his cordial support to the new proposal, and has sanctioned an order for a quantity of steel rails from the Osnabruck steel works. For the last two or three years the Prince has taken an active interest in the coal and iron mines of the Northern provinces, and he probably recognizes the fact that his profits might be increased a hundredfold if the output were carried to market in railway trucks rather than in donkey carts. It is doubtless in connexion with these mines that the first railways will be constructed, and fortunately for the undertaking the prospects of an immediate return are unquestionably certain. In Shanse, the province adjoining the metropolitan province on the west, the extent of the coal-field is incalculably great, while in the immediate neighbourhood iron abounds in profusion. Speaking of these regions, Baron Richthofen says, "These extraordinary conditions, for which I know no parallel on the globe, will eventually give rise to some curious features in mining. It may be predicted that, if a railway should ever be built from the plain to this region—and there is no other means of ever bringing to account its mineral resources—branches of it will be constructed within the body of one or other of these beds of anthracite, which are among the thickest and most valuable known anywhere, and continue for miles underneath the hills of the present coal-belt of Pingting Chow. Such a tunnel would allow of putting the produce of the various coal-beds immediately on railroad carts destined for distant places."

Politically, also, the advantages of railways will be considerable, although it is not to be expected that this at first will be generally admitted. We have only to carry our memories back for sixty years to recall how bitter was the opposition experienced by Stephenson and his fellow railway promoters in this country; how in some districts they had to conduct their surveys at night, or during service-time on Sundays, to escape from the interference of the people; and how loud and persistent were the popular forebodings of the evils which would arise from the inevitable displacement of capital and disorganization of labour. We cannot suppose that the Chinese are wiser in their generation than we were then; and, no doubt, the same misgivings and mistaken forecasts will produce a like amount of political friction in the Flowery Land. During the short life of the Woosung railway some of its opponents succeeded in bribing a man to commit suicide on the line, in order to bring it into disrepute; and we shall probably hear of similar instances of infatuated opposition on the new roads. To the Government the railways will be a tower of strength. The ease and rapidity with which they will be able to move troops and stores from one part of the Empire to another will be of incalculable advantage in the event either of invasion or of domestic war. To any one who has seen Chinese troops on the march it must be a matter of surprise that they ever reach a distant destination. During the last campaign against the Mahomedan rebels in the Western provinces the Chinese soldiers were obliged to halt during the spring and summer that they might sow and harvest the grain required for their onward march. With railways at command such absurdities would be impossible. It will be within the power of the Government to strike rapid blows at any threatened points, and to nip in the bud insurrectionary movements, which under the present system are allowed abundant leisure to blossom and bear fruit. In matters of administration, also, the advantages will

be not less important. The power will be conferred of quickly removing an obnoxious provincial administration and of putting the right man in the right place without loss of time. There is lying before us as we write a memorial addressed to the Throne by Li Han-chang, reporting his arrival at a new post, in which he states that the journey from Nganking to Chingtu, a distance in a straight line of less than eight hundred miles, occupied him from the 24th of August to the 8th of December. The condition of partial paralysis in the government of the country which must result from such habitual slowness of movement on the part of the rulers can easily be imagined.

In estimating the effects which are likely to be produced on the country by railways, it is necessary to consider the social side of the question. Although caste in its technical sense is unknown in China, the divisions which separate the ranks of the mandarin are as marked as those which divide the different Brahminical grades, and the gulf which intervenes between the official classes and the people is quite as wide as that which yawns between the Brahmin and Shudra classes. And in one sense the Chinese distinctions are more difficult to deal with than the Indian, in that they affect every act in the daily intercourse of life. At first, therefore, the levelling tendency of railways will beyond question produce some searchings of heart among the privileged classes. A red-buttoned mandarin whirling through the country in company with a parcel of rich shopkeepers, not one of whom probably would be able to explain a single allusion in the "Book of Odes," would be in a position as distasteful to himself as embarrassing to his fellow-travellers, whose only attitude in the presence of so great a man would at any other time be one of humble prostration. And, to a mitigated extent, the same awkwardness would be caused by enforced companionship between plebeians and mandarins of any rank. The necessity for punctuality also will be galling to men who have always been accustomed to start on their journeys at any hour they please, unfettered by time or time-tables; and the idea of a railway guard starting a train without waiting for a leisurely approaching local magnate would be an unheard-of want of propriety. Even in the minor question of making the time-tables plain to the people some preliminary difficulties will unquestionably arise. The day of twenty-four hours is, according to Chinese reckoning, divided into twelve equal divisions, which are known as the period of the rat, the ox, the tiger, the hare, the dragon, the serpent, the horse, the sheep, the monkey, the cock, the dog, and the boar. Each of these periods is subdivided into eight parts of fifteen minutes each, and these are the smallest divisions of time known to all except the few fortunate possessors of watches. This at once opens a field for the wildest confusion and strange misunderstandings. What will minutes represent to the minds of people accustomed only to reckon by the rat, the ox, the tiger, &c.? and how will the fine distinctions of A.M. and P.M. be brought home to their intelligences? Though these and all other difficulties, not the least of which will be connected with ladies travelling, will disappear with time, they will not be less real while they last; and though railways will ultimately lead up to greater reforms, and will produce greater advantages in China than in any empire under the sun, they will probably have to encounter a period of probation which will try the patience and tax the resources of the promoters and supporters of their existence.

VOCABULARIES.

OUT of the great bill of fare at a public banquet, the judicious diner will choose a little private *menu*, in which, while order is observed, personal taste has play. So it is in the large world of words which our mixed language offers for the use of tongue and pen. The materials are unwieldy, discordant. It is necessary for a man to choose a province in this world—a province where he may assimilate what he enjoys, so that the language made by others shall bear his mark. What belongs to all must become his own by his consistent selection. The smaller English which he thus detaches from the larger becomes his vocabulary. He may, indeed, make it express himself overmuch; but that will occur only if he makes it too small and too curious; if he fastidiously chooses out a little *menu* from which the roast mutton is excluded and the caviare is not. Such an extreme case apart, a characteristic vocabulary formed is a good thing gained. But by a characteristic we do not mean a narrow one. Some of the pleasantest persons we know are not acutely articulate; nevertheless, we feel that they possess a certain range of words to hesitate about or to abstain from. Otherwise their silence would not be golden. It would be rather the speechlessness of the very young man of fashion, who feels some vague reluctance to repeat his few epithets too continuously. On the other hand, he who makes his vocabulary too wide loses distinction—his own distinction as a unit, or the distinction of his literary school, or the distinction merely of his period. The banquet becomes indigestible owing to its inharmonious mixture of many wines and of many meats. Not so in the more purely Latin languages. There is little need of rejections and restrictions in French. The great bill of fare is possible. Even the poet uses words of which the English equivalent would be polite, or prosaic, or—in verse—grotesque. There is no Scriptural French. The Psalms are translated, or rather paraphrased, nearly in the language of the daily press. Thus, if there is no French which is distinctly poetical, there is also none

which is distressingly prosaic. No word which is dignified enough for any serious literature is tabooed for the Alexandrine. If prose gains in majesty by this, poetry loses in magic; and it follows that we find prose, and not poetry, to be the glory of French literature. But in English the divisions are distinct. The poet must draw his lines sharply; not in the conventional pre-Wordsworth fashion, but with a different rigour. And the English prose-writer, too, finds that there are whole provinces of the language which he would do well to abandon to the daily paper, to the trade circular, and to the other more pedestrian ways of life. He must choose his *menu* with an appetite unlike the poet's, but with a delicacy of his own.

It is not in literature only that the vocabularies of nations differ. The various habits of races are to be found in all conversation, and chiefly in the conversation of the poor. The Tuscan field-labourer has a large but indiscriminate vocabulary, fit to express his graceful thoughts, his emotions, the needs of his life, and the details of his labour. The grammarian chats with him across the rows of maize in his farm-garden to get the finer distinctions of Italian. The savant will find, for instance, that this peasant, who has never learned to read, will bid him not to *accaldare* himself in the Tuscan sun; whereas all literary Italy uses the incorrect *risaldare*, which rightly means not to heat, but to heat again. And he will notice how the peasant invariably uses the word *camera* to describe a bedroom only, making a scholarly distinction which the Senators and Deputies ignore. Besides these refinements of accuracy, the Tuscan has an ample range of adjectives—the parts of speech which vouch for imagination. And if adjectives are thus significant, where in the scale of men shall we place the rough of the English country and town? He has no adjective but one, and that one has no meaning whatever. It is, in fact, this very absence of meaning which makes it universal and impartially inappropriate. The word can be hurled at a tardy donkey or at a crying child, or used in the cursing of a wife or for the garnishing of light conversation on the pavements. In each case it represents nothing whatever to the fancy, expresses no invention, no loving, no hating, except as accent gives it emphasis. It implies no kind of research of thought—that research which gives to any vocabulary, gentle or simple, a value. The very vacancy, both of vocabulary and of wit, no doubt does service in preventing a good deal of what the Australian colonist gaily calls “fancy swearing.” But the intellectual sign is portentous. Travellers have discovered savage dialects containing no word to express thanks; but they have not matched the talk of low London with any aboriginal *patois* containing but one adjective. And if adjectives may be taken as representing a people's capacity for emotional fancy, it might be worth while to speculate on the imaginative condition to which high civilization has brought the millions of the country, not only the crowds of the towns but the simple rustics who bandy their epithet in the quiet summer evenings on the patch of village green. The peculiarity is distinctly national. Every one who knows—and who does not know?—the illiterate Irishman, whether on his own ground or in exile, has remarked the difference in range between his vocabulary and that of the corresponding Englishman. The Irish maidservant has a variety of words for any purpose of the moment; but her English comrade finds infinite difficulty in formulating her very uncomplex thoughts and feelings. From her eyes you will not gather that she has any meanings which an orderly stock of words would not set forth all sufficiently; yet, so small and so disorderly is her store, that she cannot do herself justice. Her intentions are paralysed. Being inevitably of her time, she cannot think without words; and as words fail her, so do thoughts. The vague feelings which are left her strive to express themselves in stupid insistence and emphasis and repetition. It would be difficult to match her inarticulateness among uncivilized peoples. The extremes of London life are often dwelt upon. But what extremes of luxury and of squalor are more striking than the extremes of vocabularies? And between these extremes lie the many degrees which divide the vocabularies of classes. It would seem, for instance, that retail commerce has conquered for itself a whole province of the English language. The already-mentioned trade circular rejoices in words of a length and politeness all their own; and the special correspondence of a picturesque press is left in undisputed possession of a Teutonic slang which “glints” and “shimmers” with beautifully expressive words unknown to the darkness of the eighteenth century. Society vocabularies also have been distinct and small. Twenty years ago, when Mr. Frederick Locker wrote his *London Lyrics*, approval could not be expressed in conversation otherwise than by the word “nice,” an adjective “nicer,” but scarcely more discriminating, than the single epithet of the poor. In later days we have been equally restricted. To “charming” succeeded the narrow varieties of “quite charming” and “too charming”; and if just now there is no such lively fashion in words, it is much to be feared that the social imagination is failing, and that a further degree of speechlessness is coming upon us. In effect, these are alarming signs that the indefinite word “curious” will have to do much duty in expressing the intellectual emotions—not of the giddy and fashionable, but of some equally inarticulate classes of more serious people. It is, except in the technical sense wherein some bibliographers use it, a dreadfully safe adjective, committing the speaker to nothing, except a vague dislike of the unusual. Many women to whom their friends most inconsiderately make appeal for an expression of opinion fly to it as the only possible refuge from silence. A picture of which the effect differs decidedly, but

incomprehensibly from the effect of the Norman-English canvas of the period; a book in which the thought is fresh, the manner unexpected, in which the writer has stamped himself as a unit instead of using the stamp of an intellectual class; nay, even a woman's face whereon some delightful individuality of form or expression has placed a peculiar beauty—of all these the secure and stupid adjective is used. It is spoken stolidly, with self-satisfaction, and an accent of superior commonplace. The woman who habitually speaks it would no doubt apply it to those large virtues which, like the break in Chapman's storm, “let a great sky out of heaven.” Such virtues to her are curious. The virtues which are not curious are the *petites vertus d'arrière-boutique*, to which she has been accustomed. Far from choice or distinguished is the vocabulary in which “curious” forms an important part; but it has its significance.

It may be said, and no doubt has been said, of Shakespeare, that he has no distinguishing vocabulary. The hobby-rider cannot claim him. He ranges through the whole world of English words as did those translators who chose to write, “I have compassion on the multitude,” knowing that no Teutonic words would be more intimate than these Latin polysyllables, and none could be so noble as they. But among all those authors who form the large second class below Shakespeare, the *cachet* of the person in vocabulary is at least interesting. Every reader will probably allow that Mr. Swinburne's vocabulary, with what Miss Jenny Wren would call its tricks and its manners, was, before the coming of imitators, more than interesting. Style apart, and subject-matter apart, his choice out of the great bill of fare of words formed a little *menu* which was full of savour and salt, spice and sweetness. Few vocabularies have been so absolutely distinct. It would have been a good servant, but it proved a doubtful master. It provided the poet with its own politics, imposed upon him its own morals, forced upon him its own ethics, and persuaded him to its own literature. He found his thinking ready made, and his emotions finished beforehand. He was like a *nouveau riche* who has to adapt himself to a ready-made gallery and library and all that they contain. If it was so with him, how much more with those who imitated him. What Mazzinianism, what Romanticism, what a loathing of the Second Empire, what rhythmic dancing upon the tomb at Chislehurst, what yearnings towards Cromwell's England have those young bards discovered, not in history, not in the depths of their own hearts, but in the treasury of their master's vocabulary! So it has been with those poets of Paris who call Théodore de Banville *cher maître*. And so must it be with all little writers who work from the word to the thought, and not from the thought to the word. On the other hand, to have too large a vocabulary is, in these days at least, to lack the interest of words. As the bill of fare increases by all kinds of exotic or untimely additions, so fastidiousness may urge our authors to a more restricted *menu*; but let them look to it that their choice be the result not of habit and easy assimilation, but of freshness, exquisiteness of taste, with frank selection and a rejection as fine.

THACKERAY AND ROMANTICISM.

WHEN Mr. Thackeray was young he had for all things French the severe and rather stupid eye of the British Philistine. It was his fortune to live in Paris during the wildest and most brilliant years of Romanticism; and, as presented in his *Paris Sketch Book*, his attitude towards the movement and its leaders is one of mingled amusement and disgust, of indignation tempered with cynicism. Long afterwards, when he was no longer unknown in literature and art, but had made himself a place beside Fielding and Dickens and Scott as one of the masters of the English novel, his ardour was somewhat quenched, and his opinions grew less hostile and more appreciative. In his later years we find him delighting in Dumas, and writing about that admirable artist with excellent enthusiasm and discretion. But in his “mighty youth” he is, as Mr. Leslie Stephen has noted, the bold Briton all over. The airs he gives himself are those of a child of Waterloo; he is the “one Jack Englishman” of legend and song, who is capable of vanquishing with his single arm any number of frog-eating Frenchmen; the fine old insular feeling against Popery and brass money and wooden shoes comes vigorously out in him. Among a crowd of antic dispositions he represents indignant purity and manliness. He cannot shut his eyes to them and their vagaries; but, as M. Hugo has it, “il se bouche le nez,” and that with the disdain of a creature of superior essence. He is outraged by “the monstrous and terrible exaggerations” of MM. Balzac and Hugo and Dumas; by the “thieves and prostitutes' apothecoses,” the “cheap apologies,” the “topsy-turifications of morality” of that scandalous creature, “Mrs. Dudevant”; by “the indecency, the coarse blasphemy, and the vulgar wit” of *Don Juan de Marana* and the “tabernacular” quality in *Caligula*. That curious feeling of his for passion—the feeling which is compacted partly of hatred, partly of terror, and partly of dislike of what are called scenes comes out in every line he writes. He is artist enough to see that George Sand writes admirable prose; that there is the “stamp of genius” on all the pictures of Delacroix, “rude” and “barbarous” as they are; that Daumier is an incomparable draughtsman, Philippon a man of wit, and the elegant Charles de Bernard a writer of parts. But his concessions do not go much further. With the great men of the epoch he is truly, in Touchstone's phrase, much, as the “most capricious poet,

honest Ovid, was among the Goths." They have absolutely nothing in common; and he takes a pride in noting the fact.

When Thackeray is in sympathy with his subject he has something to say about it that is very well worth hearing. Nothing, for instance, can be better than his description of the "brief, rich, melancholy sentences" of George Sand. "I can't express to you the charm of them," he writes; "they seem to me like the sound of country bells—provoking I don't know what vein of musing and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear." Here it is evident that he has felt his subject, and writes of it with perfect understanding. Or take his little analysis of the qualities of Daumier's drawing, as expressed in the wonderful series of caricatures which deal with the fortunes of Bertrand and Macaire:—

The admirable way in which each fresh character is conceived, the grotesque appropriateness of Robert's every successive attitude and gesticulation, and the variety of Bertrand's postures of invariable repose, the exquisite fitness of all the other characters, who act their little part and disappear from the scene, cannot be described on paper, or too highly lauded. The figures are very carefully drawn; but, if the reader can understand us, all the attitudes and limbs are perfectly conceived, and wonderfully natural and various. After pondering over these drawings for some hours, as we have been while compiling this notice of them, we have grown to believe that the personages are real, and the scenes remain imprinted on the brain as if we had absolutely been present at their acting. Perhaps the clever way in which the plates are coloured, and the excellent effect which is put into each, may add to this illusion. Now, in looking, for instance, at H. B.'s slim, vapoury figures, they have struck us as excellent likenesses of men and women, but no more; the bodies want spirit, action, and individuality. George Cruikshank, as a humourist, has quite as much genius, but he does not know the art of "effect" so well as M. Daumier; and, if he might venture to give a word of advice to another humorous designer, whose works are extensively circulated—the illustrator of *Pickwick* and *Nicholas Nickleby*—it would be to study well these caricatures of M. Daumier; who, though he executes very carelessly, knows very well what he would express, indicates perfectly the attitude and identity of his figure, and is quite aware, beforehand, of the effect which he intends to produce. The one we should fancy to be a practised artist taking his ease; the other, a young one, somewhat bewildered, a very clever one, however, who if he would think more, and exaggerate less, would add not a little to his reputation.

The phrasing of this passage, it must be owned, is far from elegant; twice in it does the ingenious author become a Forcible Feeble, and descend to italics; and throughout it is evident that, as is usual with the man who attempts a final estimate of his contemporaries, he is a little wanting in the sense of proportion. But, allowing for all this, the analysis is excellent. It is, no doubt, a mistake to institute comparisons between Daumier and Cruikshank, and Daumier and H. B., and Daumier and Hablot Browne. But the fact of the Frenchman's genius is thoroughly apprehended, its qualities are finely differentiated; and if we only transpose the description into a higher key of enthusiasm, we shall find that it renders our own idea of the man and his work with remarkable neatness and fidelity.

But, as we have said, it is but seldom indeed that Thackeray is moved to approval. For the most part he is out of sympathy with his material, and anxious, not so much to describe it, as to be highly moral and intelligent in his remarks upon it. The consequence is that his remarks, however moral, are very often the reverse of intelligent. His critical range is curiously limited; his observations have mostly a subjective value only—are useful only as so much autobiography. Considered as a contribution to artistic and literary history, his essays are extraordinarily vague and colourless; as studies of method and individuality, they can hardly be said to exist at all. Thus, in 1840, Balzac had produced a great deal of his best work; he was the author of the *Peau de Chagrin*, of *Eugénie Grandet*, of *Le Père Goriot*, of the *Contes Drolatiques*, of half a score masterpieces besides; but Thackeray, much as he was destined to owe to him and well as he knew him, refers to him only in connexion with the case of the murderer Peytel, and then quite slightly, as in *Pendennis* he refers to him in connexion with the literary habits of Miss Amory. With Victor Hugo it is even worse. He comes in for comment; but the comment is of the kind which poets do not love, and which such a master as Hugo does not deserve. One of the great English writer's references to the great Frenchman is curiously irreverent:—

Every piece Victor Hugo has written since *Hernani* has contained a monster, a delightful monster, saved by one virtue. There is Triboulet, a foolish monster; Lucrèce Borgia, a maternal monster; Mary Tudor, a religious monster; Monsieur Quasimodo, a hump-backed monster, and others that might be named, whose monstrosities we are induced to pardon—nay, admiringly to witness—because they are agreeably mingled with some exquisite display of affection. And, as the great Hugo has one monster to each play, the great Dumas has ordinarily half a dozen, to whom murder is nothing, &c.

What is noticeable in these remarks is that, while they criticize the moral quality of their subject, they no more take its literary and artistic qualities into account than if these were simply non-existent; that, in other words, they bear indelibly impressed the peculiar stamp of the British Philistine. It is the same with French tragedy, which, "red-heeled, patched, and be-periwigged, lies in the grave." It is the same with French drama. The writer has seen "most of the grand dramas which have been produced at Paris for the last half-dozen years"; has seen all Hugo, that is to say, and all Dumas; has seen *Hernani* and *Lucrèce Borgia* and *Ruy Blas*, and *Antony and Kean*, and *La Tour de Nesle* and *Richard Darlington*. And the upshot is that he "takes leave to be heartily ashamed of the manner in which he has spent his time, and of the hideous kind of mental intoxication in which he has permitted himself to indulge." There is not a word of the verse or of the prose; not a word of Dorval or of Frédéric; not a

word of Samson, or Ligier, or Georges; not a word of the magnificent qualities of imagination, invention, construction, technical skill, originality of method, by the presence of which all these "grand dramas"—considered both as specimens of literature and as opportunities of acting—were distinguished. The British Philistine has got his pulpit and his text, and he preaches after the manner of his kind. After this, it is not at all surprising to find that Rachel, the greatest artist in tragedy of modern France, is referred to merely as "the fair Rachel" and "the fair Jewess"; that, if the author mentions Deburau at all, it is only to match him with Racine and Madame Saqui; and that Frédéric himself (Bocage is never mentioned) is simply described as "a very clever actor." It is so obvious that the man's heart is elsewhere; that his imagination is concerned not with art but with a certain sort of nature; that off his own ground he speaks, not as an artist, but merely as a Philistine and a bold and moral Briton; that, while he labours under the impression that he is writing history, he is only producing autobiography, that you end by taking him from his own point of view, and enjoying him thoroughly.

Nowadays the point of view has changed. It is recognized that Hugo is a very great poet; that Berlioz, whose existence Thackeray—a lover of Mozart, and of Arne and Bishop, of *Vedrai Carino*, and of *The Red Cross Knight*—does not seem to have suspected, may almost be said to be the founder of modern music; and, to say no more, that Dumas is practically the author of the modern drama.

THE CESAREWITCH.

A PART from the romance of the thing, it may be doubtful whether the Cesarewitch does not create more interest than the Derby. The evidence on which prognostications for the former race have to be calculated is far more profuse and infinitely more complicated than for the latter. Indeed the problem of the Cesarewitch before the race reminds one of a bad dream in which there is a something, which, do what one may, "will not come right." The owners of racehorses who were believed to have the best chances of winning the late Cesarewitch were Mr. Lefevre with Archiduc, Mr. Hammond with the Derby dead-beater St. Gatien and the famous mare Florence, Lord Ellesmere with Highland Chief, Lord Bradford with Quicklime, Mr. Staub with Stockholm (the winner of the Goodwood Stakes), Mr. Vyner with The Lambkin (the winner of the St. Leger), Lord Manners with Sir Reuben, Mr. Robertson with Studley, Mr. Lambert with Gonfalon, Mr. H. T. Barclay (the owner of the winner of last year's Cambridgeshire) with Ben More, and Mr. Green with Crim Tartar.

There were twenty runners, and they were sent off after one false start. Archiduc made the running early in the race, but he was soon pulled back, and Master of Arts and Friday took the lead. Considering the weights which they were carrying, several of the better class of horses ran very forward during the first half of the race. When the field had gone through the gap and turned into the Abingdon Mile, Crim Tartar and Ben More took the lead, and St. Gatien was quite in the rear. Three-quarters of a mile from home the winner of the St. Leger was beaten, and soon afterwards Lord Rosebery's lightly-weighted four-year-old, Polemic, went to the front. Stockholm, Archiduc, St. Gatien, and Florence gradually worked their way into the leading division, but Highland Chief was beaten at the top of the hill, and as they came down it Stockholm was also in trouble, while Quicklime was running as if he had had enough of it. In the Abingdon Bottom Archer brought Archiduc up to Polemic, and when they came out of it, Wood rushed forward with St. Gatien, and passing the pair without much difficulty, won the race by four lengths. Polemic beat Archiduc by a neck for second place, and Florence was a very fair fourth. Few three-year-olds have been able to boast of a more glorious career than St. Gatien. In appearance he pleased almost all the critics; his condition was perfect, and his splendid shoulders, back, and loins were all that could be wished. It may also be said that, with the exception of Polemic, who is withal a neatly-shaped horse enough, the leading division at the finish was composed of remarkably good-looking horses. The victory of the winner was some of the best form ever shown on the Turf, and it must be a matter for congratulation to every good sportsman.

In reviewing the Cesarewitch as a handicap we must own that the better classes of horses were, to say the least, very fairly treated. Sometimes, and too often, the best horses are crushed out of a handicap; but in this case the horses of high class appeared, upon the whole, to have rather the best of it. One of the first horses chosen as a favourite was Lord Bradford's Quicklime. Here was a five-year-old that had won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot and the Epsom Grand Prize—races worth 6,382l.—besides running second for the Two Thousand and the Derby, handicapped at 7 st. 7 lbs., or 24 lbs. below the top weight. Yet the handicapper was quite correct, according to the *Racing Calendar*, in allotting so light a weight to him; for in the City and Suburban last spring it was all he could do to beat Thebis by half a length at a difference of 27 lbs., and he had been unplaced for each of the three other races for which he had run this season. In fact, the City and Suburban had been the only race which he had won for more than two years. Critics, therefore, had no just cause for cavilling at his handicapping. St. Gatien was a favourite

among the best class, and he was backed at short odds. But what more can a handicapper be expected to do to a winner of the Derby—much less a dead-heat—than put 4 lbs. more on his back than the weight apportioned by the rules of the Cesarewitch to the winner of the St. Leger? Sir Reuben, like Quicklime, was a winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and he had only 7 st. 8 lbs. to carry; but he had certainly run 8 lbs. below winning form in the St. Leger, and the field which he had beaten in the Prince of Wales's Stakes was much below the average of that race. Then there was the winner of the St. Leger himself, The Lambkin, who had raised his weight 6 lbs. by that victory. Many people fancied his chance, but an average winner of the St. Leger is supposed to be properly weighted for the Cesarewitch at 8 st. 4 lbs., and The Lambkin was generally considered below the average; why, therefore, should he have been looked upon as dangerous under that weight? Highland Chief, again, a four-year-old that had only been beaten by a neck last year for the Derby, and had run third for the St. Leger, was certainly not overweighted at 8 st.; and he had lately shown himself to be in good form by winning a race with great ease at the First October Meeting. There were good judges of racing who thought that even Florence, a four-year-old handicapped at 9 st. 2 lbs., had far from a bad chance. Certainly she had proved herself to be an extraordinary mare, having won nearly 6,000*l.* in stakes this year. Stockholm, the winner of the Goodwood Stakes, had beaten Florence in that race, when receiving 2 st. 6 lbs., and it was generally believed that she had a great chance, although she was now to receive only 1 st. 4 lbs. from Florence. She had won the Goodwood Stakes by six lengths in a canter; she had also won another race at Goodwood, as well as a Queen's Plate at Lichfield; and her running on the Continent showed that she was a wonderful stayer. Yet the handicapper had scarcely sufficient reasons for burdening her beyond 7 st. 12 lbs. The sensational horse, however, among the heavy weights was Archiduc. It was generally believed that this colt would have been the first favourite for the Derby, if he had not been disqualified, through the death of Count Lagrange; and it was assumed that he would, in all probability, have won both that race and the St. Leger if he had started for them. Why, therefore, people asked should he be handicapped 5 lbs. below St. Gatien? especially as he had been handicapped 3 lbs. above Harvester for the Free Handicap, when Harvester was supposed to be the best three-year-old colt, with the exception of St. Simon, Busybody, and Archiduc. What change had there been in the relative form of St. Gatien and Archiduc since the Derby to justify such a lenient burden for Archiduc? Perhaps the best reply was that, if the official handicapper believed the running of either Corrie Roy or Tristan with St. Gatien, in the Gold Vase at Ascot, to be correct, he was justified in considering St. Gatien several pounds better than his Derby form, while Archiduc's defeat in the French Derby showed that he was no prodigy. Archiduc's easy victory over Ecogriffe—who subsequently won two races before the Cesarewitch—and Fra Diavolo, in the Prix Royal Oak, in September, the Newmarket handicapper had nothing to do with, but it greatly encouraged his backers to believe in his chance. The handicapper had another reasonable excuse for estimating the merits of Archiduc much lower when framing the handicap for the Cesarewitch than when making that for the Free Handicap Sweepstakes. Archiduc had only run twice in England as a two-year-old, and on the first occasion Queen Adelaide had beaten him by a head, while on the second he had beaten Talisman, Royal Fern, and Loch Ranza with great ease. As Royal Fern had run within half a length of Busybody for the Middle Park Plate, it was argued that Archiduc must be a colt of extraordinary brilliancy. Since the Free Handicap was made, however, both Royal Fern and Talisman had shown themselves to be a good many pounds worse than was generally supposed, and the same may be said of Queen Adelaide; Archiduc, therefore, had not any great claims, on his English form alone, to be considered a colt of surpassing merit.

Judging from the acceptances, it seemed that the owners of the horses more heavily weighted thought they had the best chance, as all but six of the horses handicapped above the middle weight accepted, while twenty-six of those handicapped below the middle weight did not accept. Of course the theory of handicapping is that every horse entered shall have an equal chance given to it, but good sportsmen are inclined to look leniently upon the favourable handicapping of good horses. Moreover, it is generally easier to estimate the form of horses that have often run in weight-for-age races than that of platers, and when there is any doubt about the powers of the latter class, a handicapper acts wisely in giving them weights which will at any rate prevent their making run-away camps. Before the late Cesarewitch a good deal was written about the "blots" and "glaring errors" of the handicap; but, as a matter of fact, it led to an immense amount of heavy gambling, which, although an undoubted evil in itself, proved the handicap to be a good one.

Among the lightly-weighted division Studley was considered "a good thing," and it may be a question whether a three-year-old that had run a race over a mile and three-quarters, beating nine opponents, under 5 st. 10 lbs., ought to have been put into the Cesarewitch at 6 st. 6 lbs., especially a colt that had only run twice in public this season. Another three-year-old that seemed leniently treated was Gonfalon, by Hampton. He had won a race by four lengths at Harpenden over a mile and a half, with only a trifle the best of the weights,

beating Incendiary and Ironclad. Under 6 st. 6 lbs. he had run a very good second for the Ascot Stakes over two miles, and he had run third to Talisman at Ascot when giving him 7 lbs., beating Royal Fern at even weights. We should have been inclined to have given him more than 6 st. 7 lbs. to carry for the Cesarewitch. Ben More, a four-year-old who had not won a race this year, was backed as if he was well in the handicap at 6 st. 8 lbs.; but we cannot see that he deserved to carry more for his two wretched victories last year in Ireland. There was a good deal to be said for Crim Tartar because he had won five races, some of them over a distance, which alone should have entitled him to more than 6 st. 4 lbs.; but besides this he had beaten Louis d'Or on worse terms than weight for age over two miles, and Louis d'Or had beaten the winner of the St. Leger. As far as this last performance was concerned, however, the handicapper was innocent, as it took place after the publication of the weights. Although nobody had fancied Polemic, the event proved that he was one of the most favourably handicapped horses in the race, and well he might be, as he was the most lightly-weighted four-year-old, and was within 7 lbs. of the lightest weight in the whole handicap. A horse that had won a race and been placed twice this year should scarcely have been treated so leniently. But, criticize as we may, the handicapper of the Cesarewitch is much to be congratulated on the result, since horses from each end of his list finished first and second, and the winner carried the heaviest weight ever borne to victory in the race.

REVIEWS.

BRITISH MEZZOTINTS.*

THE first volume of Mr. Chaloner Smith's Catalogue of British Mezzotints appeared very nearly six years ago. The final volume—the second division of Part IV.—has only recently been issued. Six years is not too long for so ambitious an undertaking, and its author has done well to delay its completion until further investigation has enabled him to correct, though only partially, the errors and omissions which are the almost inevitable accompaniments of a work of this nature. Hitherto, no complete catalogue of the engravings of the British Mezzotinters has been compiled. Bromley, if indeed the Catalogue which bears his name should not rather have borne that of Horace Walpole, brings his list down only to 1793, and, though he records some few prints which cannot now be found, he omits all mention of others, and in many ways his book is far from perfect; it has been long out of print, and is not easily attainable. *The History of the Art of Engraving in Mezzotinto*, attributed to Dr. James Chelsum, was printed nearly a hundred years ago. Granger's *Biographical History of England* was published in 1769-74, the fifth edition in 1824, and copies of portraits in illustration appeared in the earlier years of the present century. These, with Walpole's *Anecdotes*, Nagler's *Künstler-Lexikon*, and Laborde's *Gravure en Manière Noire*, the four Catalogues of engravings after Reynolds which Dr. Hamilton has utilized, and the scattered notices in Bryan, have formed the only literature of any real service to the student, and have rather proved the necessity of some such comprehensive work as that which we place at the head of our list than anticipated its value. The second book, the *Catalogue Raisonné of the Engraved Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, is a new edition of a volume which appeared in 1874. It shows the advantage of longer study, and, as the author acknowledges, of reference to those parts of Mr. Smith's Catalogue which had been received before its publication. The third, intended only for private circulation, is a Catalogue of the Collection of Mr. Tiffin. It includes some rarities, and by its aid we have been able to make a few corrections in the other and more important works. The fourth volume upon our list owes its origin to the magnificent display of the works of Sir Joshua in the Grosvenor Gallery last winter, and might indeed be regarded as a supplementary part to the Handbook of the Exhibition. Full of anecdote, it has necessarily somewhat of an ephemeral character, and may escape too close criticism. The list Mr. Stephens gives of the engraved portraits of children is brought down to the present day, whereas Dr. Hamilton indexes none later than 1822. Mr. Stephens is not always very clear, nor do we know that critics would unanimously endorse his praise of Reynolds's landscapes. His decision, expressed in his own words, is that

The remark that Reynolds never safely left portraiture holds good, as we believe, with universal effect. In truth, his landscapes are really aptly chosen portraits of Nature; in them he was fortunate—had, so to say, poetry and magnificence at his hand; no artificial habits had to be

* *British Mezzotinto Portraits; being a Descriptive Catalogue of those Engravings from the Introduction of the Art to the Early Part of the Present Century.* Accompanied by Biographical Notes. By John Chaloner Smith, B.A., M.R.I.A., &c. London: Sotheman, 1878-1884.

A Catalogue Raisonné of the Engraved Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., from 1755 to 1882, &c. By Edward Hamilton, M.D., F.L.S. New edition, enlarged. London: Colnaghi, 1884.

Catalogue of a Collection of English Portraits in Mezzotints. Being the Portion in Mezzotint of a Collection of Portraits formed by Walter F. Tiffin. Salisbury. Privately printed.

English Children as painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. An Essay by Frederic G. Stephens. London: Remington, 1834.

mastered there—no traditions were prepared to hamper him; his natural feeling did all he needed, and all he aimed to do. On this account we may believe that Sir Joshua was one of the finest landscape-painters of his time, and that he applied his skill in that respect with best fortune when he painted children in landscapes, as he most frequently did.

The art of engraving in mezzotint has a peculiar interest for English people, since, though it does not owe its origin to ourselves, it was so neglected abroad and so successfully practised here that it acquired the title of "the English manner." It is very doubtful whether the art would have become popular if it had not lent itself so admirably to the reproduction, without colour, of portraiture, and if, at the same time, such masters as Reynolds had not existed. "It would seem," says Dr. Hamilton, "as if the artist engravers, contemporaries of Sir Joshua, had been enabled to surpass their art for the purpose of faithfully transcribing the pictures they imitated, as if the very genius of Reynolds had guided their hands. But, born with such opportunity, it must be acknowledged that mezzotint is only exceptionally satisfactory, and can never rank with the finer forms of engraving." The reason lies in its too frequent imperfection. It is no exaggeration to say that a very large proportion of impressions from mezzotint plates are more or less detestable, and are valuable only as records of portraiture. As a frontispiece to his first volume, Mr. Smith has given very accurate reproductions of two impressions, the second and the fourth states, of the same plate. In this case the second state may possibly be finer than the first, which is extremely rare, and which we have not seen; while the fourth state, which is reproduced to show the contrast, is, as an engraving, comparatively worthless. The plate has become so worn by the process of printing that no connoisseur would care to preserve an impression. The explanation lies in the very art that has created them; only a very moderate number of fine impressions were possible; Gilpin says that more than one hundred good impressions could not be drawn off. Mr. Smith thinks this estimate too low; we should have thought it very much too high. Turner affirmed that his plates would not yield more than thirty good impressions. The writer of the preface to the catalogue of a mezzotint exhibition held at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1881 places the limit at from forty to fifty, but there must be great variation in excellence when so much is due to the printing; and even an early proof does not necessarily imply particular merit. The process called "steeling," unknown in former times, is now commonly practised, and in consequence the life of the plate is much prolonged, and many more impressions may be taken from it; but it is not an unmixed advantage. Prints from such plates are apt to come off dull and hard; and, while we believe with Mr. Smith that few modern mezzotints will bear comparison with the finest of those he catalogues, it is not because equal skill is wanting, but because its fullest advantage is not given to what the last of the great mezzotinters fondly termed "the copper." The best impressions of Cousin's engravings in mezzotint after Reynolds are extremely good. An engraver's proof of "Penelope Boothby," or the "Girl with a dog," little Miss Bowles, will rank with the best work of MacArdell, of Smith, or Valentine Green, but such success is not commonly attainable. In regard to description of the "states" both Mr. Smith and Dr. Hamilton have taken the sensible view, and have not confused either themselves or their readers by substituting for a useful and commonly-accepted term the distinction of first and second trial proofs, of proofs and finished impressions. Every one who knows anything of prints is aware that a first proof is not necessarily superior, it may be "more rare than beautiful." Still in indexing the impressions a first state is a first, and should be recorded as such. The finished impression may be complete with names of painter and engraver, and subject, and time of publication, and yet be a print with but little merit to recommend it. Its artistic value is a question for the decision of the connoisseur, who is indifferent to the assurance that no earlier impression should properly be called a state.

A descriptive list of the works of the earliest mezzotinters is a useful addition to Mr. Smith's Catalogue. Laborde is in regard to them especially misleading, since he has not shown sufficient care in distinguishing prints in the dark manner from true mezzotints. Thus, there is no such thing known as a mezzotint by Rembrandt, nor is there any evidence of the process in any plates as they came from his hand. Laborde accepts two portraits of Bakhuisen as executed by that master, and which are doubtfully recorded by Bartsch; one of them is certainly by Gole, and, though an inscription assumed to be by Bakhuisen appears upon the other, it, too, is probably by Gole. We know no mezzotint by Ostade, and if the Teniers, father and son, executed any such plates, the results have been carefully concealed. Laborde is also in error in placing Jan Lutma among engravers in mezzotint. We do not recognize the work "with the berceau" in "The Fountain of the Three Tritons" as mezzotint, nor is it present in the doubtful "roulette work" upon his portrait of his father. Mr. Smith is undoubtedly right in rejecting the enrolment among these engravers of Sir Christopher Wren, "who stands in need of no such addition to his fame."

It is in no spirit of adverse criticism that we notice a few omissions and errors. Books like these, honestly undertaken, should, if possible, be generously accepted; only clearest evidence of carelessness or neglect can warrant censure. But errors there are which should properly be remarked, with a view to future correction. Mr. Tuer, in *Bartolozzi and his Works*, has shown how the dates of Bartolozzi's birth and death are frequently quoted

wrongly. There is sufficient evidence that he was born in 1727 and died in 1815. Dr. Hamilton gives, of course in oversight, the date of his birth as 1786; Mr. Smith places it in 1728. The portrait of Miss Bowles is in four states, two of which are before the artist's name, &c. Miss Julia Bosville married William Ward in 1780. He did not become "Dudley and Ward" until 1786. It is not of much consequence now, but it was a serious alternative for Dr. Hawkesworth whether, as Dr. Hamilton says, he "died from elation," or whether, as Mr. Smith tells us, he was "killed by his critics." A first state of the portrait of Sarah Chickley, the mother of Andrew Fountaine, "before any inscription," is described by Mr. Tiffin; it is not noticed by Mr. Smith, who also omits a first state of Catharine, Countess of Rutland, also described by Mr. Tiffin. There is an earlier state of Smith's mezzotint of Bishop Burnet. The blundering inscription below the portraits of Lady Cathcart and her child has been fruitful in further errors. It reads, "Jane, Lady Cathcart, daughter of Lord Archibald Hamilton, and their second son." The portrait is a pendant to the portrait of Charles, Lord Cathcart, not Lord Charles Cathcart, as Mr. Smith expresses it; and their child, seen in his mother's picture, is not a boy at all, but a little girl. The picture was painted in 1755. Lady Cathcart's first child, a daughter Jane, was born in 1754; her second daughter was born in 1757; and Charles Allen, supposed to be here represented, was not born until 1759. Their second daughter, Mary (Mr. Smith, by a misprint, calls her the elder), was the lovely Mrs. Graham, whose portrait was painted by Gainsborough. Both our authors are in error in describing her husband as, at the date of his marriage, General Graham. Thomas Graham, of Balgowan, was then only twenty-five years of age; and it is asserted that, inconsolable at the death of his wife, eighteen years afterwards, he entered the profession in which he acquired his fame. He died in 1843 at the age of 94. Lady Caroline Scarsdale is entered in error by Dr. Hamilton for Caroline, Lady Scarsdale. Mr. Smith gives the inscription. The engraving of Penelope Boothby was published by Park; Dr. Hamilton omits to mention that Park was also the engraver. Such mistakes—misprints, perhaps, and we do not care to multiply them—do not very seriously detract from the merits of these catalogues, though they are sufficiently numerous to make us hope that Mr. Smith will yet add a final supplement; but it must be some time before every entry is properly tested, and it is much more than any one person can complete effectually. Perhaps the first step will be taken when Professor Colvin is able to issue a catalogue of the mezzotints in the British Museum, a work which, we believe, has not yet been attempted.

A catalogue of engraved portraits, interesting to the historian and the antiquary, will often afford a melancholy proof not only how evanescent is the character of human greatness, but how fallacious are the hopes of the survivors that the good deeds of those whom they admire will "blossom in their dust." Among the illustrious many whose likenesses have been preserved are enshrined some who, but for these memorials, must have remained utterly unknown. Even at the height of their fame, when an artist was found to devote his talents to secure their immortality, and an engraver laboured to multiply copies of the more or less successful result, their reputation can hardly have extended beyond their relatives and friends. They possessed no special gift worthy of remembrance; they perpetrated no special wickedness to render them notorious; they founded no family to continue their names and honours, nor could perhaps even boast the distinction that

Their ignoble blood

Had run through scoundrels ever since the Flood.

The services which John Dove rendered to his country were thought worthy of perpetual admiration, though a hundred years of forgetfulness has dimmed their lustre. Elmer, an A.R.A. of 1772, painted, and J. Watson engraved him, while a grateful "Body of Master Tailors" paid the bill. Had he not "suppressed an illegal Combination of the Journeymen, that Endanger'd the Tranquillity of these Realms"? The six hundred German Jews who were conspicuous in a recent Demonstration were probably successors, in sartorial descent, of these misguided men. Miss Charlotte Fish, whom Reynolds painted, had the somewhat vague distinction of being "the daughter of a merchant in London." Why has no special biography been preserved of Philips Glover, "a steady, disinterested Friend, who never courted popularity, but was ever deserving of it"? Mrs. Martha Ray is immortalized, but apparently her sole title to remembrance is that "she was murdered." Arthur Wentworth has had the singular good fortune to be catalogued between George Washington and Benjamin West; he owes his proud position to the happy accident of his name rather than to his merits as "earth-stopper to Lord Carlisle." Who will describe for us the steps of a dance called "Rigadoon"? It could hardly, from its very name, have approached the stately minuet, and polka and waltz were unknown. The features of its inventor are immortalized, and a thoughtful poet tells how

Isaac's Rigadoon shall last as long
As Raphael's painting or as Virgil's song.

Paintings assigned to Raphael are found in the galleries which Sir F. Burton yet hopes to make fashionable, and Virgil, though "a much overrated man," is not quite forgotten, yet a careful reference to a long series of last season's programmes can detect no "Rigadoon." Mrs. Arabella Hunt, whose portrait was painted by Kneller and engraved by John Smith, was celebrated in her day, and was no doubt as good as she was lovely, but the verses which

are inscribed on the plate, an exhibition of Ananias in a harmless form, must be not a little exaggerated.

Were there on Earth another Voice like thine,
Another Hand, so Blest with skill Divine,
The late afflicted World some hope might have,
And Harmony recall thee from the Grave.

Some portraits have an unexpected interest for us. That of Miss Trimmer, engraved by Watson, shows a pleasant face, but with a tinge of sadness, suggestive perhaps of too frequent "home lessons" at the knees of her gifted mother, whose writings "for the Instruction of the Young" have stifled much infant happiness. Another worthy, of the sterner sex, is surely deserving of remembrance—John Lewis, Vicar of Mynstre—now Minster—in Kent, who "desired that his stock of Sermons should be destroyed after his death, lest they should contribute to the indolence of others; he was of opinion that all clergymen should compose their own." The practice of using in the pulpit the work of other men has, of course, long been discontinued, but it is well that this good man's opinions, as his virtues, should be recorded for the admiration of posterity.

THREE NOVELS.*

THE plot of *My Lord Conceit* is easy enough. The heroine at the very opening is married to the wrong man, so that she may live a life of misery three-volumes long, and be rewarded at the end by becoming a widow, and getting the hero as her husband at last. To bring all this completely and easily about, little more is needed than the death of two children by fever, of two elderly people by fits, of one villain by assassination and the other villain by suicide. The curtain naturally falls on the heroine just beginning to rally from a dangerous illness, and on the hero happy in winning her and recovering the estates of his ancestors, which he seemed to have hopelessly lost. It is, as every one will allow, quite a natural tale of everyday English life. Once, however, our author does go against nature. She makes the hero bring in a bunch of white violets, early in spring, before the hedgerows were well out, on the same day that some children had gathered what she calls "a great velvety mass" of cowslips. Surely our novelists, who, familiar though they doubtless are with villains of all sorts from murderers downwards, are yet often, it would seem, arrant cockneys, might keep by them, as they write, some book on flowers, both wild and of the garden. It would save them from falling into the grossest blunders. However, if the early velvety-cowslips provoke our criticism, we have no fault to find with the hero and heroine. She, Beryl Foster, a young lady of splendid eyes and a rich glory of hair, meets the hero, Ivor Grant, a gentleman of mournful, languid eyes, just two days before her marriage. She was leaning in a friend's house "against a marble pillar that supported a magnificent vase of genuine Sèvres." This shows at a touch that, happily for ourselves, we are going to be in the society of people of wealth, if not of fashion. He, we learn, is the nephew of a childless baronet. They enter into a lively talk. A dance is going on. "I do not think you are a Terpsichorean votary," she says. "You are right," he replies. Such delicious talk as this was suddenly chilled by his learning that the day after to-morrow she was to be married. He did what lovers always nowadays do in such trying circumstances—"lit a cigar on a warm June night, and strolled homewards." When he reached his rooms he smoked two more cigars, drank two "brandies-and-sodas," opened a new novel, and—here, at least, true to nature—very quickly closed it, and, last of all, exclaimed "I wish I hadn't met that girl." Two days later "freights of dainty millinery" were driven up to a church, and on the bride's finger "gleamed a thick gold band." The requirements of the story do not admit of her marrying for love. The author gives some kind of an explanation why she chose "a short, plain-featured individual," who turns out a great villain, for her husband. But the explanation is unsatisfactory. However, the reader keeps up his spirits, and hopes for an early widowhood. For a hero who was the nephew of a baronet, and had been three times stroke to the Oxford Eight, and won three famous victories, was not to be cut out by an individual. By the way, we regret that we have not in our reading kept an account of all the heroes who have been strokes of Oxford Eights. We are quite certain, however, that there is not a single victory left unappropriated for an Oxonian; therefore we give all novelists notice that, till after next year's race, if they will have a victorious stroke for their hero, he must belong to Cambridge.

The heroine and her husband go off to India, where they stay some years. Their place is pleasantly supplied by one of the good old-fashioned villains, a foreign Count of "a pale, oval face, with jet-black hair, and a cold smiling mouth." He has some secret by which he has the hero's mother in his power. It is in vain that Ivor thunders and turns on him like a lion in his wrath, and defies the cur to do his worst. The wicked Count only smiles. He had forged some documents to show that the first husband of the hero's mother, at the time of her second marriage, was still living.

* *My Lord Conceit*. A Novel. By "Rita," Author of "Dame Durden," "My Lady Coquette," "Two Bad Blue Eyes," &c. 3 vols. London: J. & R. Maxwell. 1884.

The Red Route; or, Saving a Nation. By William Sime, Author of "King Capital," "To and Fro," &c. 3 vols. London: Sonnenschein & Co. 1884.

Antinous: an Historical Romance of the Roman Empire. By George Taylor (Professor Hausath). Translated from the German, by J. D. M. London: Longmans & Co.

If that were the case, Ivor was no Grant, and the baronet's inheritance would pass to another. To complicate matters still more pleasantly, it is discovered by the Count that the next in the inheritance, if Ivor were not legitimate, was the heroine. For a long time things look very black indeed for all the good people, and very bright for the bad. But when the end of the third volume is at hand, with it comes hope. The wicked husband is murdered in his room. His innocent wife is arrested on strong suspicion, and for a time is proceeded against with the utmost severity of the law of novelists, which by the way is very unlike the law of the land. Happily a detective of the right kind turns up, who says, "I'm blest," and adds, "it's a harder case than I think if it baffles John Brough." Of course it does not baffle him. The murderer is traced by a piece of gold thread, and the wicked Count kills himself off by poison, and very obligingly leaves a confession of his misdeeds behind him. The heroine thereby loses the hero's estates, which she had just gained; he regains them, and with them her. With one person just murdered, a second dead by suicide, a third on the point of being hanged, and the hero and heroine going to be married, the story is brought to a conclusion as pleasing as it is triumphant.

The Red Route is a tale of Fenianism, and a dull tale too. Of course there is a wild Irish girl, whose name, as she is not a Nora, ends in *een*. All Irish heroines that are not Noras belong to the *eens*. This particular heroine is an Eileen. We never for one moment take the slightest interest in her fate. By the discovery of some mysterious documents she turns out to be an heiress, and marries an English captain. But no mysteries and no marrying can render her anything but lifeless and dull. The real hero of the piece, an Irish peasant, a desperate conspirator, becomes engaged to a rich English widow. At the very end of the story, just when he ought to be getting married, the author, for reasons best known to himself, chooses to have him stabbed. Married or murdered matters not a straw to the weary reader. We yawn over his fate, and are only too well pleased to arrive at the end of the book. Yet Mr. Sime does his best to provide us with variety. He gives us people of all sorts, high and low, and scenes of every kind, from marrying to murdering. The most tedious part of the book is the Irish humour. But this may not be altogether the author's fault. Since the Irish have given so much of their thoughts to conspiracy, wherever else they may have gained, they have certainly lost in humour. They have become not only dull in themselves, but the cause that dullness is in other men. That Mr. Sime is an Irishman is shown by the words that he puts into the mouth of the rich English widow. When one day she was out fishing, a salmon that she had hooked wound the line round a stone. "I will lose him—I will lose him," cried Mrs. Lynch, pathetically, and, we may well add, ungrammatically too. She gives to the book that touch of luxurious life which seems a necessary part of all modern novels. When the hero, the peasant lad, first went to her house, "a magnificent vision of gold-laced livery loomed on the steps above him." He was shown into the drawing-room. "He perceived an undulating figure, which had made a silky rush across the floor." The undulating figure had "a white columnar neck." In the third volume, when she had determined to marry him, she comes up to him "superbly dressed in a black brocade, with rich lace at throat and wrists, in her breast one white lily shed its lustre, in her hair one gleaming spray of diamonds." He thereupon stumbled, though there does not seem to have been a foot-stool or an end of the carpet turned up in his way, and stumbling "felt that it was the instinctive obeisance to a goddess." He was, we next read, still "rawly and youngly full of affection." In spite of her footmen, her undulating figure, her jewels, and her lover, she was an ill-fated woman. One of her lovers was murdered by her own son, a precocious child of seven or eight years of age; while her young Irishman is stabbed by mistake by her brother's father-in-law. Those who are tired of the love-making and murders of every-day life will find in this story as much Fenianism and conspiring as they can desire. There are secret and dreadful oaths, meetings of conspirators, armed to the teeth, midnight duellings, an American general, and vaults not unworthy of Guy Fawkes himself, full of gunpowder and weapons. It is a pity that when so large and varied a feast is provided the result of the cooking is a very insipid meal.

Antinous, the author tells us in "a special prefatory notice prefixed to the English edition," is "the history of a soul who courted death because the objective restraints of faith had been lost." This opening sentence is, we fear, likely to strike terror into the hearts of the ordinary subscribers to circulating novels. Let them, however, keep up a bold heart, nor make of it "an objective restraint" to their sending for the book. They will find in it variety enough, and not a few startling scenes. It is true that the subject is already worn a little threadbare. The persecutions of the Christians under the Roman Empire, and the scenes in the amphitheatre, have been too frequently touched upon. The author manages, nevertheless, to give some variety by forcibly describing the vices as well as the virtues of the proselytes. If some of them are ready to face the lions, others are self-seekers and men given to sensual living. There is a tremendous scene in the amphitheatre, where lions, tigers, and panthers are all let loose on one man, who for the time is saved by the artful but mysterious contrivance of an Egyptian priest. In point of excitement this scene does not fall flat even after the four or five murders and the suicide which we have read of in the two novels that we have noticed above. Besides, *Antinous* has its suicide and a bountiful supply of common villains. The author at the very

beginning wins our good wishes by the friendly way in which he speaks of English writers of romance, and by the hope that he expresses that his book "may find friends to accept it in the proud foreign land." It should have its readers. It is full of startling incident; it is, if not a novel, almost as good as one; it is written by a Professor of Theology; and it can with great propriety be read on a Sunday even by serious people. The translator, though his style is a little heavy, has done his part fairly well. Into one curious blunder has he fallen. In quoting the fine verse in Proverbs, "So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth," he writes "travaileth." "Deformities of the climate," moreover, is a strange expression. However, the book is readable; and our present English style is of so mongrel a breed that a few foreign idioms thus literally translated will not be noticed by any but the over-critical.

CHESHIRE GLEANINGS.*

AT first sight this work seems to be one of those volumes of reprinted notes which give much more satisfaction to the author and his friends than to any one else. But though the volume contains nothing but "scraps," with no manner of connexion between them (and sometimes these fragments are most slenderly linked to the title), it is not uninteresting. Cheshire is rich in antiquarian subjects, and the numerous books and papers which are published about them from time to time show that local men are aware of the value of provincial records and are anxious to secure the folk-lore and the traditions of the past before they vanish for ever. It is easier to preserve monuments than words nowadays, and very soon the older generation with its broad speech will be succeeded by another, educated by school training and by reading of the papers to employ one general language, in which some provincialisms may be lost for the better and others for the worse. The Cheshire dialect is one containing some idioms and truly English words peculiar to itself which have been the subject of larger works; the Cheshire mystery-plays have been often better described; the "history of Cheshire" and various studies of "salient points" are well known to all who have taken any interest in our northern counties; but this scrupulously indexed, well-printed volume of over three hundred pages octavo contains the result of study which, even in its fragmentary form, may be of some use to the student and some interest to the general reader. In fact, one may adopt the luminous language of the author (?) at sixteen, when, in a preface to a novel of which he gives us an account, he indignantly denies a charge of plagiarism brought against him. He declares then, "They say I conglobated the analects into a readable form," and denies that he was anything but original. If the "William Axon" of 1844 be the writer of these papers published in 1884, he may be congratulated on having completely overcome his early aversion to "analects," "conglobated" or otherwise, and on making them "readable"—a charge which even the bitterest enemy of the young novelist could scarcely have brought against one who adorned his sentences with words like "stultiloquence, pearl-like masticators, obstreperous, cognomination," &c. It will no doubt be gratifying to Cestrians to know that such a literary gem was once published in Chester, and other men who have also lived and written and been noted in their circle or time (though their connexion with that old city was still slighter than Mr. Axon's) find their places in this book of Cheshire gleanings. One would be inclined to say that he has emphasized "the salient points of the county history" by ignoring them, and that his Cheshire gleanings are sometimes scarcely more Cheshire than the song which he seems to accuse an author of conveying from a friend of his, "a Cornish Recluse" (p. 230). But, if he often wanders from his subject on to one on which he has before written, and is after all more at home in Lancashire than in Cheshire, besides perhaps wishing to gather up his various notes and comments, without regard to the bewilderment of the future reviewer (who "can't tell why" some should be placed in this volume at all), we may pass from what has not been done to what has been selected for publication in this convenient form.

Any one who takes an interest in his own country and its curious manners and customs may find entertainment among these scraps; and, in fact, even an old scrap-book is not to be despised. Probably the author might tell us that others have been found to unfold the long roll of history which is the proud boast of the County Palatine, and that to keep green the memories of lesser men and to make himself the general "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles" was his aim. But local proverbs and family jokes are often unintelligible to the uninitiated. They are like the famous Sunshine wine of Monte Beni which Mr. Hawthorne writes of—the essence is so volatile that it does not bear transportation from its native abode. The story of many a local legend, stripped of the personality of the teller, whose audience knew as well as himself where the Cheshire grin might properly broaden into a laugh, is quite as pointless as that related of the man who forgot his child and "passed over the water of Dee at a brige," coolly telling his wife that "if he had fallen into the water, I should have hard him plump" (55). Narrated in the deliberate though hearty manner of the good-tempered Cheshire folk, accompanied by the pantomimic gestures and infectious laughter of those "strong in th' arm, weak in th' yed," as their neighbours say, we can quite ac-

count for the popularity it enjoyed. They liked noises, and "riding the stang" found favour with them, though in our modern days the cause of such a disturbance to the neighbourhood would certainly be looked upon as having made her marital quarrels unpleasant to the public. The ceremony is described by an eye and ear-witness (1790) as follows:—

A man dressed in female apparel was mounted on the back of an old donkey, holding a spinning-wheel on his lap, and his back towards the donkey's head. Two men led the animal through the neighbourhood, followed by scores of boys and idle men, tinkling kettles and frying-pans, roaring with cows' horns and making a most hideous hullabaloo, stopping every now and then, while the exhibitioner on the donkey made the following proclamation:—

Ran a dan, ran a dan, ran a dan,
Mrs. Alice Evans has beat her good man;
It was neither with sword, spear, pistol, or knife,
But with a pair of tongs she vowed to take his life.
If she'll be a good wife and do so no more
We will not ride stang from door to door.—P. 300.

From the doggerel of these verses to the ballads of "Monk" Levis is a great stride. He is mentioned in the Gleanings as the author of a ballad founded on a legend which has some points of likeness to that of the Wizard of Alderley Edge, a delightful story of folk-lore (p. 57). Mrs. Hemans, who as a young girl stayed at Grych Castle in N. Wales, has also enshrined in poetical form the story of the Brereton omen, stated as follows:—"When any Heir in the worshipful Family of the Breretons in Cheshire is near his Death there are seen in the Pool adjoining Bodies of trees swimming for certain days together." The legend has no chance of verification by the Psychological Society, for, though it is still extant, the family is extinct. And so are many ancient customs, as, for instance, the Lifting on Easter Monday, more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Wakes are no longer the assembling-places of all the fine young fellows in the district, who went prepared to fight to show their prowess. "Hast thee foughten yet?" "Noa." "Then get thee foughten and coam whoam." We do not know how long bear-baiting went on in Cheshire, though

Congleton rare, Congleton rare, sold the Bible to pay for a bear;

but in Lancashire bulls were baited and dogs were fought only sixty years ago. Easter and Whitsuntide were the great seasons for these amusements, and the coarseness and brutality of the masses is not easily realized except by those who can study the old letters and records of the past, or, better still, talk with those who remember the "good old times" of the beginning of this century. A lady now alive can remember that in a well-off Cheshire family only the head of the house was allowed to eat bread at dinner, all the other members having roasted potatoes laid beside their plates as a substitute; this was shortly before the battle of Trafalgar. Mr. Axon has not attempted to give us accounts of the well-known phases of Chester and Cheshire history; and, excepting an article on Dean Stanley, as connected with Alderley, there is not one which relates to any one well known to many outside the district in which those friends he speaks of have lived and worked. Still, we much prefer such a paper as that on "The Botanist's Funeral," written from the author's heart, to second-hand notes like those which form the first paper of the book. There is a touch of nature in the picture of the artisan naturalist of Mossley who devoted his leisure to teaching those about him to learn to love it as he did:—

Oh! heaw patient he wur! Aw're a poor scholar, and had to ax the same question o'er and o'er again, enough to tire a wayter wheel. Those jaw-breaking words would'n stop i' my mind. . . . But it didno matter heaw often I ax'd the same question; he'd allus the same quiet, gentle way o' telling me. Why, there's some, if I ax't hauf as often 'ud ha' coed eawt, "Neaw then, blether-yed, heaw often does ta want tellin'?"

And such another, in a different form, exists in another working-man, who pathetically tells us that he "only brought"

Some waifs and strays from that bright sod,
Which I have seen but have not trod,
The golden land of Poesy.

These local notes will please many who knew the men of whom the writer speaks from memory. The curious in such matters will be interested in the account of Mark Yarwood, born "near Bowden, in 1812, without firearms or hands," but who learnt to do without them in such a wonderfully dexterous manner that it eventually caused his death. He gave way "to habits of intemperance, which he is said to have contracted from the many occasions when he was asked to drink by those who wished to see his dexterous fashion of holding the glass." It was a pity that people were not content with witnessing the threading of needles, playing at marbles, writing, and mending pens, which he is said to have accomplished in a wonderful manner. He died in Knutsford workhouse in 1864.

The antiquary will be attracted by the short note (p. 114) "on the stalk as a sign of contract." An illustration is given of a seal with a stalk twisted into it, which was exhibited last year at Manchester, though being found at West Hall, High Leigh, it may be described as a Cheshire gleaning. Mr. Axon recalls folk-lore about the straw, and quotes Archdeacon Farrar's remark, "How often do people when they make a stipulation recall the fact that the origin of the expression is a custom, dead for centuries, of giving a straw (*stipula*) in sign of a completed bargain?" Mr. Bagehot, we believe, was the writer in the *Quarterly* who drew attention to the other use of the form of contract, not peculiar to Cheshire, or England, by which the false witness was

* *Cheshire Gleanings*. By W. E. A. Axon. Manchester: Tubbs, Brook, & Chrystal. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

known to be "ready" by wearing a straw in his boots. "Men waiting to be hired for farm service at statute fairs displayed a straw as a sign that their labour was on sale" (p. 121). This reminds us that there is no allusion to the curious custom prevalent on Cheshire farms by which servants engage themselves for the year and go home at Christmas-time; no matter how long they have "served in the family," they enter on a new term for the next year at that season. Indeed we miss accounts of many a saying and custom, of many a man and of many a deed. We cannot agree with the author in imagining that he has given us very "salient characteristics" of Cheshire history. We have tried, however, to indicate the good work to be found in this book by pointing out how many and varied are its contents—far too varied to treat of connectedly or in great detail—showing that it contains interesting matter accurately treated. It is, as we have said, an antiquarian scrap-book, but every one is aware with what curiosity a collection of scraps is regarded, especially when they refer to manners and customs which are too minute for the historian, and yet well worth preservation as illustrations of history and literature. Mr. Axon may say—with Chaucer—

For well I wot that ye han herbefore
Of makynge ropen and lad away the corne;
And I come after, gleaning here and there.

One of the Cheshire papers devotes a column or two weekly to the collection of such notes as those put before us, afterwards published in quarterly volumes, under the more ambitious title of the Sheaf, the cognizance of the town—an excellent method of securing that all who are working in this field should have the means of helping. "There is more than one yew-bow in Chester." To continue our Chaucerian quotation, we should be sorry that any should be evil "spayed" who can say that "Ye see that I do yt in the honour of Love"; only, we do wish—to use his own phrase—that Mr. Axon had "conglobated his analects" a little more!

TWISS'S LAW OF NATIONS.*

IN re-editing the first volume of his well-known work on international law Sir Travers Twiss has added materially to its value without departing from the plan laid down by him when it was first published in 1861. During the twenty-three years that have since elapsed, the study of diplomacy has been advanced by the effect of many notable events, including the American Civil War, the Franco-German War, the Egyptian "military operations," the Treaty of Berlin, and several other almost equally important occurrences affecting the status and mutual relations of the Great Powers. Many of these belong principally to the subject of war, which is dealt with in the second volume; but their more indirect results, which have permanently altered the position of any nation or the principles of public law, are, for most part, noticed either in the text or the introduction to the volume now published. Thus, the troubles which led to the Treaty of Berlin have involved the addition of a complete chapter on "the kingdoms of the Lower Danube," and of nearly a whole chapter on the other provinces and possessions in Europe then lost to Turkey. The struggle between Austria and Prussia terminated by the Treaty of Prague in 1866 gives occasion for the introduction of a valuable notice of that treaty and of the new German Empire established in 1871. The remarks contained in the earlier edition upon the navigation of the Danube are now supplemented by seven new pages, bringing the history of the Danubian Commission and the whole law relating to that river down to the present time. This addition is especially valuable, having regard to the fact that the author is one of those who have been most active in elaborating or criticizing suggestions for dealing in a somewhat similar manner both with the Congo river, the Suez Canal, and the projected Panama Canal. Finally, an entirely new chapter is subjoined, describing accurately the "Capitulations of the Ottoman Porte," and tracing their history from the earliest alleged origin in 636, or even 625, to the present day. Speaking of these Capitulations, and the proposal of the Porte in 1869 to suppress them altogether, Sir Travers Twiss quotes with approbation the dictum of Baron de Testa, who declared that a statesman who should counsel the Porte to do this would be guilty of "signal perfidy" to its true interests. He is of opinion that "the Capitulations may require modifications from time to time, but to abolish them would be to provoke a new crusade against Islam, and invite a violent change in the guardianship of the Dardanelles."

The preface to the first edition is now replaced by a new preface and an "introduction," which between them will constitute, in the eyes of the diplomatist, the most interesting part of the work. In the latter Sir Travers Twiss defends his adoption of the term "Law of Nations" in preference to the more usual title "International Law," and points out, very justly, that the latter is a much more comprehensive phrase, including the department of private international relations, with which in this book he has nothing to do. In fact the common practice of uniting private with public law is apt to produce some confusion, besides swelling to an inordinate bulk the works which profess to deal with them; and it would be better both for writer and reader if they were more often kept separate. A passing allusion is made also to

the much-debated controversy how far international usage can be called "law" in any strict sense. Here Sir Travers Twiss ranges himself at once on the side of Professor de Martens against M. de Jhering and John Austin, maintaining that consent and not force is the basis of legal obligations; and that the evidence of them is to be found, as between civilized nations, in their established practice. As regards the relations of civilized with barbarous and semi-barbarous communities, resort must be had rather to the natural principles of justice, including especially that regard for good faith which even from very ancient times has been recognized by the most intelligent jurists. With these more abstract rules of equity between nations Sir Travers Twiss does not profess to deal. His sphere is essentially that of positive actual law, manifested in written conventions and settled usages. There is perhaps some little optimism in the spirit in which the author speaks of the respect paid by modern nations to their mutual obligations and rights. He quotes, for instance, the "Declaration of 1871" as formally repudiating on behalf of the Great Powers that damnable doctrine of Spinoza that "States are only bound to observe their treaties as long as the interest or danger which first gave rise to the treaties continues to exist." It is, however, impossible to avoid remembering that this very Declaration was solemnly made immediately after Russia had in the most barefaced way acted upon the pernicious doctrine in question. The contemptuous act whereby that Power threw to the winds a clause of the Treaty of Paris relating to the Black Sea was mildly acquiesced in by Great Britain, and virtually confirmed by the subsequent Treaty of London. The fact that when this flagrant breach of obligation was sanctioned a solemn declaration was made, setting forth that such breaches of faith are wicked, suggests to the philosophic mind a notion that the declaring Powers were then and there laying a comfortable and convenient unction to their high and mighty consciences, to salve over the very serious wound they had allowed to be inflicted upon the code of public morality. Sir Travers Twiss does not, however, look at the matter in this light. He sees "great value" in the Declaration in question, and gives much credit to the Governments of Europe for allowing in their mutual intercourse "considerable weight" to a rule of right as controlling the dictates of ambition or of interest. This may sound to some readers like rather faint praise; but in these days, when ambition and self-interest seem to be the dominant motives in most actions that we see around us, the optimist has to be content with small mercies; and there is really some discernment needed to spy out the few grains of international rectitude amidst the bushel of self-seeking arrogance and violence.

The introduction contains a masterly sketch in very concise form of the leading authorities on international law in their order of date, doing justice to several names, such as those of Dr. Zouch, Professor Rachel, and Barbeyrac, to whom their due share of credit is not always given. A most useful and lucid distinction is drawn between the systems of Vattel and Von Wolff; between the history of customary law and that of conventional law, which commenced afterwards; and between the characters of an international jurist and of a diplomatist properly so-called. There is an important passage relating to the action of Prussia in authorizing a volunteer naval force to be equipped against France; but the author is well satisfied that Great Britain was right in holding that, as the volunteer force was to be under the same discipline as the regular navy of Germany, there was no infringement of the first article of the Declaration of Paris prohibitive of privateering and of the granting of letters of marque. The "preface" contains some more debatable matter, and amongst them a remark upon the title given to our times of an "Age of Congresses." Sir Travers Twiss sees some difficulty in the question why the unification of Italy and the constitution of a new Germanic Empire should have been accomplished without a Congress, whereas the changes effected in Eastern Europe, though apparently of less importance, were held to require the sanction of an assemblage of that sort. Now it may be doubted whether the changes in the East were even apparently of minor consequence, but, supposing them to have been so, there can surely be no difficulty in understanding why the general voice of Europe should have been evoked and listened to in the one case and not in the other. European Powers have little right or authority to interfere with the consolidation of States which choose to combine together; but it is a very different matter when a violent disruption of any State is attempted by rebel provinces assisted by any one of the Great Powers, more especially when that Power is under a treaty obligation not to disturb the nation so attacked. The object of the Congress at Berlin was to review the Treaty of San Stefano, to get rid of its most objectionable and inadmissible clauses, and in doing so to save Turkey once more from being virtually laid prostrate at the feet of Russia. It is thus hardly correct to say of the treaty in question, or any part of it, that it was confirmed by the Treaty of Berlin, or to speak of the differences between Turkey and Russia, or Turkey and the rebellious provinces, as having been settled at San Stefano. In point of fact, the Convention arrived at in March 1878 was annulled by the settlement effected at Berlin. It then ceased as regards the neutral Powers to have any validity, and as between Russia and the Porte it was distinctly superseded by a separate treaty concluded subsequently between those two Powers, in which the previous Convention between them was expressly ignored, and the Berlin Treaty substituted, in so far as it had any relation to the contracting

* *The Law of Nations, considered as Independent Political Communities.* Vol. I. On the Rights and Duties of Nations in Time of Peace. By Sir Travers Twiss, D.C.L., F.R.S., Q.C., &c.

Powers. Sir Travers Twiss speaks sparingly, and perhaps guardedly, of the Suez Canal. He advocates the settlement of the novel questions affecting it by a Congress; but he thinks that "a more serious consequence of the opening of the Canal will probably be found in the increased friction that it will create between the Christian States of Europe and the uncivilized tribes of Islam which occupy both shores of the Red Sea, more especially if the successful revolt of the Soudanese, under the leadership of the Mahdi, should produce a schism in the Kaliphate." Rather too much importance seems to be here attached to the pretensions of our victorious enemy in the Soudan, but the "general relations of amity between Christendom and the Mahomedan world" are well worthy of the consideration which the author attaches to them; and anything which bids fair to jeopardize them is rightly regarded by him as a proper subject of solicitude to England and Europe. Sir Travers Twiss mentions a curious project suggested by Leibnitz to Louis XIV. for converting the Mediterranean into a French lake, and states, curiously enough, that this project has been eliminated from the category of practical politics by the opening of the Suez Canal. Surely that scheme, if it ever had any practical importance, had entirely lost it long before M. de Lesseps went to Egypt. Our tenure of Gibraltar, the decline of French power on the sea, and half a dozen other considerations, had long made it a most chimerical idea that France should monopolize the most famous and important commercial highway of the civilized world.

Of the other new subjects dealt with in the present volume probably the most interesting is the Congo river question, to which Sir Travers Twiss has bestowed as much attention as any jurist in the world. His sympathies are, of course, on the side of the Association which, under the patronage of the King of the Belgians, has effected a permanent settlement upon the upper river; and his arguments will be found rather difficult to answer by the French faction which is running M. de Brazza against the Association. As regards the question of sovereignty, which has proved such a stumbling-block to French writers on the subject, it was perhaps hardly necessary to point out that the sovereignty of a State consists in its independence, and not in the accidental fact of its being ruled by a sovereign prince. But this is only one link in the chain of reasoning whereby the English jurist combats the opponents of the Association by vindicating the competency of the Belgian Society, aptly compared by him to the Washington Association which developed ultimately into the Republic of Liberia. Other notable changes which diplomatists have had to take note of, such as the Tunisian episode, the Egyptian *coup d'état*, the cession of Cyprus, and the administration of Bosnia, are to be found in their proper place; and the volume contains in comparatively small space as much valuable information as many much bulkier tomes.

CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

MR. MONRO'S edition of Iliad I.-XII. is decidedly the most important work on our list, at any rate to teachers. The aim of the book is, Mr. Monro tells us, to furnish a companion volume to Mr. Merry's school edition of the Odyssey. It fulfils its purpose admirably, and is certainly the best school edition that has come under our notice of any portion of the works of Homer. The introduction is divided into two parts, one of which treats of

* *Homer—Iliad.* Books I.-XII. With Introduction; a brief Homeric Grammar, and Notes. By D. B. Monro, M.A., Provost of Oriel College. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Homer's Odyssey. Book IX. With a Commentary, by John E. B. Mayor, M.A., Professor of Latin and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

C. Sallustii Crispi De Conjuratone Catilinae liber. De Bello Jugurthino Liber. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by W. W. Capes, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Sallust's Catilinarian Conspiracy. Edited by A. M. Cook, M.A., Assistant-Master at St. Paul's School. London: Macmillan & Co.

Stories of Roman History from Cicero. By G. E. Jeans, M.A., and A. V. Jones, M.A., Assistant-Masters in Haileybury College. London: Macmillan & Co.

Select Epodes and Ars Poetica of Horace. Edited, for the use of Schools, by the Rev. H. A. Dalton, M.A., Assistant-Master of Winchester College. London: Macmillan & Co.

Cicero De Senectute. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by Andrew P. Peabody. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

Exercises in Translation at Sight: a Selection of Passages from Greek and Latin Authors. Arranged by A. W. Spratt, M.A., and A. Pretor, M.A., Fellows of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. Vol. II. The English Version. London: Rivingtons.

Latin Prose Exercises, based upon Caesar's Gallic War. With a Classification of Caesar's chief Phrases, and Grammatical Notes. By Clement Bryans, Assistant-Master in Dulwich College, late Scholar of King's College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

A Progressive Series of Inductive Lessons in Latin. By John Tetlow, A.M., Master of the Girls' Latin School, Boston. Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co.

A Skeleton Outline of Greek History, Chronologically Arranged. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. London: Rivingtons.

Mikra Hellas: an Outline of Classical Geography, with special reference to Greek History. By H. Awdry, M.A., Assistant-Master at Wellington College. London: Longmans & Co.

Studia Sophoclea. Part II. The Criticism of the *Edipus Rex*, with a Translation into English Prose. By Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D., Regius Professor of Greek. London: Bell & Sons.

the date and composition of the Homeric poems, while the other contains a sketch of Homeric grammar. Mr. Monro's apology for the length of the former portion seems to us unnecessary. Every one who studies Homer should know something of the Homeric controversy, the history of which could scarcely be stated more tersely or with greater clearness and impartiality than in the thirty pages here devoted to it. The sketch of Homeric grammar, which occupies about the same number of pages, is a marvel of compression. It could only have been written by a master of the subject, and it may be studied with advantage by many who are schoolboys no longer. The notes are excellent; short and clear, as notes for school use should always be, but seldom are. There is none of that aiming over the boys' heads at the teacher which is so common in school editions. The only fault that can be found with them is that, especially in the earlier books, words are sometimes needlessly translated. There is no need to tell boys that *βορρύνει* means "in clusters"; *ἐργύνει*, "to restrain"; *θέμις*, "judgments." Such information only leads to neglect of the lexicon. Among the few lengthy notes which Mr. Monro allows himself may be mentioned a very good one on Homeric geography at p. 269; while the introductions to the several books discuss, among other points, the bearing of each book upon the question of the unity of the whole poem. In a schoolbook the ordinary editor's opinions on points of scholarship are not matters of the first importance; but Mr. Monro's views are worth noting wherever they may occur. We observe, then, that he is disposed to reject the derivation of the word *τῆλεγετος* from the root *γα-*, and to class it with adjectives in *-eros*, such as *ἀνρίγετος*, in which he is probably right. He derives the latter portion of *δοχέα* from *χέω*, not *χαίρω*, thus getting the meaning "poured forth of arrows." By assigning *κουρίδιος* to *κουρά* rather than to *κόρη*, Mr. Monro makes the word refer to "the lock of hair which it was the custom of the bride to cut off before marriage." He rejects, also, the common interpretations of *ἐπερπεία νίκη*, and renders "victory won by another's strength." As the "other" in the Iliad is generally a god, the words would often mean "heaven-sent victory." The arguments adduced in support of this rendering (p. 320) seem almost convincing. The work is completed by an index to grammatical points dealt with in the notes, which, so far as we have tested it, is thoroughly accurate. We may conclude by expressing the hope that Mr. Monro may, at no distant time, complete his good work by editing the latter half of the Iliad.

Mr. Mayor's edition of *Odyssey IX.* suffers by comparison with Mr. Monro's work. Though we find in every page evidence of deep learning and wide reading, the notes will be of little use to the schoolboys and undergraduates for whom they are mainly intended. They are often very long, and of a kind which boys simply will not read; they are, moreover, crowded with references to authors and critics of whom boys have never heard, and some of whom are merely names to some fair scholars. For example, at the end of a long note on *μάρσις* at p. 63 we find the following formidable list:—"Naeg. 188. Pauly s.v. *divinatio*. Lob. Aglaoph. 260-270. Nitsch h.l. Str. xvi. 2, § 38 sq. p. 762." Such references are quite out of place in books intended for not very advanced students. Equally ill advised are such notes as that on the philosophy of Homer at p. 25 and those on the Cyclopes and Cyclopic society at pp. 36, 38. Mr. Mayor cannot write a note on the common word *εὖναι* without referring his youthful readers to Apollonius Rhodius and Quintus Smyrnaeus. Happily boys have considerable power of disregarding displays of learning which are of no practical use to them. We only once met a boy on whom such lists of authorities seemed to have made some impression, and the result in his case was that he rendered *Διογενὲς Λαερτιάδῃ* "Diogenes Laertius." Many of Mr. Mayor's notes are valuable and interesting, especially those which touch on early Greek feeling and customs. Mr. Mayor has clearly spared no pains to make his work as complete as possible. He is accurate in points of geography, scholarly in matters of grammar; but to make a good school book a thorough understanding of the needs of young learners is quite as necessary as industry and scholarship.

Mr. Capes's edition of the *Catiline* and *Jugurtha* of Sallust contains, beside text and notes, an introduction on the life and writings of Sallust, a sketch of the conspiracy of Catiline, an excellent account of the land and people of Numidia, and a statement of the changes in the Roman military system which were introduced in the time of Marius. Mr. Cook in his edition of the *Catiline* goes at greater length into the peculiarities of Sallust's style, gives some notes on the MSS. and the text, and places the chief variants at the foot of each page of the text. The notes in both editions are good. Those of Mr. Capes are the shorter of the two, and are more strictly confined to elucidation of the text. For school use, therefore, we should on the whole prefer this edition, and our preference is confirmed by the fact that Mr. Capes gives more attention than Mr. Cook to points of orthography and etymology, of which schoolboys stand in need. On the other hand, Mr. Cook's work is more valuable as an aid to a critical study of the style of Sallust. His references to parallel usages are far more exhaustive, and the very fulness of reference and quotation which often makes his notes of a length unsuited to school purposes increases their value for more advanced scholars. We may mention an excellent note at p. 101 on the use of adverbs as adjectival predicates, and another at p. 144 on Sallust's use of "equidem" as distinguished from Cicero's. Mr. Cook has clearly made a very careful study of Sallust, and the only fault to be found with his

book is that his materials have rather overpowered him, and so impaired the value of his work as a school edition.

In Mr. Capes's work we observe at p. 197 a note which seems to imply a misconception of Sallust's meaning. It is on the words "pecuniam trahunt, vexant" (ch. xx.). Mr. Capes writes, "as though their wealth were gotten by plunder and force, not by fair means." The words clearly refer to the way in which the money is spent, not acquired, and mean, "they squander and abuse their wealth." This is rendered certain by the words that follow—"tamen summa lubidine divitias suas vincere nequeunt." With regard to the disputed passage in ch. xviii., "quod intra legitimos dies profiteri nequiverit," both editors seem more or less at fault. Mr. Capes unaccountably supports the MS. reading "nequiverit," which, as Mr. Cook remarks, is impossible on account of both mood and tense, and translates "Because he would not have been able to stand." Mr. Cook argues that the regulation which required that a candidate's name should be given in before the *triumviratum* could not have come into force by the time of which Sallust is writing, because of the difficulty of translating "intra legitimos dies," "Before the beginning of the days during which it is no longer legal to offer a name." Surely the words should be translated, "Before the expiration of the time allowed by law" (for the giving in of names). The expression is exactly parallel to Cæsar's "intra vicesimum annum," "Before the end of the twentieth year."

The stories from Cicero selected and edited by Messrs. Jeans and Jones make a useful reading-book for the lower forms of schools. As in other recent volumes of the same series, we find appended English-Latin exercises on the text, and a separate vocabulary to each passage, an arrangement which facilitates the committing to memory of useful words.

Mr. Dalton's edition of *Select Epodes and the Ars Poetica* is for rather more advanced students. The notes are short, simple, and good. We are glad to see a note on the metres of the chosen Epodes—a feature which has been unaccountably wanting in several school editions of Horace which have lately come under our notice. We are equally pleased to notice the absence of a vocabulary.

Mr. Peabody has produced a very fair translation of the *De Senectute*. His work is accurate and tolerably idiomatic; but he is too fond of long words. His style is rather deficient in lightness, mainly because he does not sufficiently break up long Latin periods into English sentences. The following speech of Lælius, for example, is hopelessly clumsy:—

Indeed, Cato, you will have rendered us a most welcome service. I will answer for Scipio, if, since we hope, indeed wish, at all events, to become old we can learn of you, far in advance, in what ways we can most easily bear the encroachment of age.

Messrs. Spratt and Pretor have undertaken the rather useless task of translating into English a selection of passages from Greek and Latin authors, which they have compiled in another volume for purposes of translation at sight. They suggest that their versions may be useful for retranslation; but retranslation to be of real value should be done from the student's own version, corrected if need be.

Mr. Bryans tells us in the preface that his object in writing his little book has been "to teach Latin prose from a trustworthy Latin author, and to abolish the hybrid phraseology of English-Latin dictionaries." We have nothing but praise for both the idea and the execution of it. Cæsar is one of the easiest Latin authors to imitate, and one of the most worthy of imitation. The very want of variety which renders his work now and then somewhat tedious reading makes it easier to seize the characteristics of his style, which moreover is suited to every kind of historical writing. The most valuable part of Mr. Bryans's work is his attempt to supersede English-Latin dictionaries. He gives lists of military, nautical, and geographical phrases used by Cæsar, with their English equivalents, arranged not alphabetically, but according to subjects. These are followed by certain grammatical uses, mainly of cases, prepositions, and conjunctions. The remainder of the book is occupied by passages for Latin prose selected from various sources ranging from *Froissart's Chronicle* to *Cassell's Magazine*. Notes to each passage contain useful suggestions for idiomatic rendering. We have rarely seen a book more likely to be useful in getting rid of the hideous jargon which, under the name of Latin prose, vexes the souls of schoolmasters and examiners.

There is much that is good in Mr. Tetlow's method of teaching Latin, notably the principle that learners should be led to form their own rules inductively from a study of facts. The order in which the accidence is given is also good. The later chapters on conditional sentences, and on temporal, causal, and concessive clauses, are less clear. Mr. Tetlow has also made the mistake of writing too big a book. A first Latin book should surely stop short at the simple sentence. We have noticed one or two things likely to mislead. At p. 130 the sentence "Cæsar equitum suis auxilio misit" is given as an example of the dative of purpose, or "of service," as Mr. Tetlow prefers to call it, and then the question is asked, "With how many datives are the verbs in the foregoing examples construed?" As the literal translation of the sentence is explained to be "Cæsar sent the cavalry to his men for assistance," boys may well go away with the notion that verbs of motion are construed with a dative. At p. 206 some of the examples of "conditional sentences in indirect discourse" may give rise to unorthodox views on the subject of the sequence of tenses.

The main body of Mr. Abbott's useful little book is occupied by chronological tables, which give all the important events in Greek history from the earliest times to the death of Demosthenes. These are preceded by an explanation of the Attic Calendar, by genealogical tables of the Royal families of Greece, mythical and historical, and of the Eastern dynasties with whom the Greeks came in contact, and by lists of the Athenian Archons and Olympian victors. The work is completed by a sketch of the constitutional history of Athens and Lacedæmon, and by the necessary index to the chronological tables. The book consists of rather under two hundred small pages, and is a valuable and portable work of reference.

Mikra Hellas contains a short summary of Greek geography. It gives a list of the States of Greece and Asia Minor, with the chief towns and rivers in each, some of the principal routes in Greece, a list of battles, Greek and Roman, which took place in Greece and in the East, and a few of the more important dates in Greek history. The work may be useful as a book of reference, but we doubt its value for teaching purposes.

Dr. Kennedy's *Studia Sophoclea* consists mainly of arguments in support of the author's views on disputed passages in the *Edipus Tyrannus* against those advanced by Mr. Jebb in his recent edition. Want of space prevents us from examining in detail the conflicting opinions of two of our greatest Greek scholars, and such examination is the less necessary as Mr. Jebb's commentary and the criticisms which it called forth are fresh in the memory of scholars. It is needless to say that Dr. Kennedy's arguments are well worthy the attention of all students of Sophocles, and whatever judgment may be pronounced on matters of controversy, all will, we think, agree as to the excellence of the prose translation which Dr. Kennedy has appended to the work.

STUDIES IN AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.*

WITH the dying away of the final faint echoes of the Civil War, with the series of centennial anniversaries of the Revolution, and with the recent steady growth of a more healthy and wholesome interest in political speculation, there has arisen in the United States a wider and deeper discussion of the problems of history, and also and especially a more careful and accurate consideration of the intricacies and enigmas of the brief history of the United States. Proofs of this may be seen in the frequent appearance of memoirs, autobiographies, apologies, histories, and diaries, and in the eager attention they have received and are receiving at the hands of the reading public of the United States, whether they were the work of Judge Sewall, of Governor Hutchinson, or of Thurlow Weed. Among the greatest publishing successes of the past few years in America were the two series of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, the "Campaigns of the Civil War" and the "Naval Campaigns of the Civil War," most of the volumes of which have been considered at length in these columns as they appeared. It is an open secret that of the two series of American biographies published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., the "American Men of Letters," edited by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, and the "American Statesmen," edited by Mr. John T. Morse, junior, the latter has so far proved to be much more popular, in spite of the presence in the former of biographical sketches as interesting and as accurate as Mr. Warner's own *Life of Washington Irving* and Professor Lounsbury's *Life of James Fenimore Cooper*. Of the writers who have contributed most heartily and most effectively to this revival of interest in American history and in American political biography, one of the most promising and important is Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, who is the author of the volumes devoted to Alexander Hamilton and to Daniel Webster, in the "American Statesman" series, and also of an admirable *Short History of the English Colonies in America*, accurate and ample in its detail of life in the more northern colonies, but less satisfactory, because less full, in its treatment of the more southern colonies. With Mr. Morse, Mr. Lodge was for a while the editor of the *International Review*. In the recent convention of the Republican party at Chicago, Mr. Lodge was a prominent figure in the Massachusetts delegation, and he was recognized as one of the leaders of the honourable and progressive minority known as Independents, and desirous of securing the nomination as President of Senator Edmunds of Vermont.

In this volume of *Studies in History*, Mr. Lodge has gathered together nearly a dozen essays, all, with one exception only, bearing directly on the history of the United States, and nearly half of them forming a closely connected series of biographical studies in the history of the Federalist party, which ruled the United States for a while, and then fell to pieces all at once and for ever after its work was done. The first essay, on "The Puritans and the Restoration," is the one which finds its subject outside of America, and yet it serves as a fit introduction to the following discussion of Judge Sewall's diary, whom Mr. Lodge chooses to characterize—not quite as happily as usual—as "A Puritan Pepsy." The next pair of essays, on "The Early Days of

* *Studies in History*. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

Memoirs of Rufus Choate: with some Consideration of his Studies, Methods, and Opinions, and of his Style as a Speaker and Writer. By Joseph Neilson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

Fox," and on "William Cobbett," although nominally devoted to native Englishmen, deal in the main with American politics, in which Cobbett did his full share of the hard fighting he delighted in. After these we have five portraits of early American statesmen, as firmly drawn and as richly tinted as though they had come from the hand of Gilbert Stuart. The five statesmen whom Mr. Lodge has painted in these pages, boldly and felicitously, are Alexander Hamilton, Timothy Pickering, Caleb Strong, Albert Gallatin, and Daniel Webster. Of these the essays on Alexander Hamilton and on Daniel Webster may be considered as first sketches for the more elaborate portraits of them which Mr. Lodge has prepared for the "American Statesmen" series, since these chapters originally appeared in the *International Review* and the *Atlantic Monthly*; and we incline to the opinion that these two are even now the best of the five—owing, perhaps, to the stronger sympathy of Mr. Lodge for Hamilton and Webster, and the greater the attraction they have for him. In sketching Hamilton Mr. Lodge is obliged also to sketch Jefferson; and he presents the contrast between the leaders of the two parties in the most brilliant manner, doing full justice to Jefferson, which no admirer of Hamilton has ever done before:—

Washington was elected to the Presidency as the choice of the whole people, and his wish was to govern in this sense, and not as the leader of a party. With this desire he called to his Administration the ablest men representing the opposing political elements. In short, Washington determined to try once more, with a people of English race and a representative Government, the experiment of administration independent of party. . . . Except that they were both men of genius, two more totally different characters than the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury can hardly be conceived. Jefferson was a sentimentalist—a great man, no doubt, but still a sentimentalist pure and simple. His colleague and opponent was the very reverse. Hamilton reasoned on everything, and addressed himself to the reason of mankind for his support. Jefferson rarely reasoned about anything, but appealed to men's emotions, to their passions, impulses, and prejudices, for sympathy and admiration. Hamilton, in common with all the leaders of his party, was, in practice, a poor judge of human nature; when he failed to convince he tried to control. Jefferson knew human nature, especially American human nature, practically, as no other man in this country has ever known it. He never convinced, he managed men; by every device, by every artifice and stage effect, by anything that could stir the emotions, he appealed to the people. As he was the first, so he was the greatest of our party leaders, and in this capacity no one has ever approached him. Hamilton was consistent, strong, masculine, and logical. Jefferson was inconsistent, supple, feminine, and illogical to the last degree. Yet these were the two men whom Washington had joined with himself to conduct in harmony the administration of a representative Government. That Washington, like William III., failed ultimately under such circumstances to carry on a non-partisan administration, is merely to say that he could not overcome the impossible. That he succeeded for four years in his attempt is simply amazing. If the violent extremes of thought and character represented by Hamilton and Jefferson be fairly considered and contrasted, and if it then be remembered that Washington held them together and made them work for the same ends and for the general good of the nation during four years, a conception of Washington's strength of mind and character is produced which no other single act of his life can give.—Pp. 147-9.

We have quoted this passage at length, not only because it is a fine example of Mr. Lodge's fascinating and vigorous style, but because it presents frankly the opposing characteristics of the men who headed the two leading American parties in the beginning of the nation, and because these tendencies, and in fact these parties, survive now and to-day in America, in spite of the shattering influence of the Civil War, and of the obscuring effect of the discussions which arose out of the war, and which are only now dying away. The final two essays of Mr. Lodge's collection are on "Colonialism in the United States," and on "French Opinions of the United States, 1840-1881." In the essay on "Colonialism in the United States" Mr. Lodge expresses at length, and with a quantity of historical allusion, opinions not at all unlike those set forth in these columns in a paper called "England in America" (*Saturday Review*, No. 1473). In the essay on "French Opinions of the United States" Mr. Lodge considers aptly and pertinently the contrasting reminiscences of M. de Bacourt and the more recent impressions of M. d'Haussonville. We regret that Mr. Lodge has not included in the present volume the admirable essay on William Henry Seward which he contributed to a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*; and we regret, also, that he has never written a paper on Rufus Choate as a sequel to that on Daniel Webster, whose friend and follower, and friendly rival, Choate was for many years. Choate was Webster's colleague in the Senate of the United States; he was the presenter of Webster's name to the convention of his party in life; and he was Webster's eulogist before the Bar of Boston after his death.

With the possible exception of Daniel Webster, who was even greater as a statesman than he was as a lawyer, Rufus Choate was the foremost advocate ever produced by New England. Judge Neilson's book is not the first volume which has been devoted to Choate's career, but it is in some respects the most valuable. It is not a biography in form; it partakes rather of the nature of *mémoires pour servir*; and it contains memories of his life and works, as the title indicates fairly enough. They are gentle and kindly memories, these which Judge Neilson has edited, having written some of them himself, and having begged others from those who held Choate in high remembrance. Of these contributed reminiscences, the most important are perhaps those from the late George P. Marsh, the philologist and diplomatist, and from Mr. W. W. Story, the poet and sculptor, who was a student in the office of Charles Sumner and George S. Hilliard, and who listened eagerly to Choate's talk as he dropped in for a few minutes' chat either on professional questions or

de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis. It is Mr. Story who quotes for us the familiar story which testifies to the extraordinary range of Choate's vocabulary, which, by the way, was as accurately and precisely used as it was ample. A member of the Bar happened to tell Judge Wilde that a new edition had just been published of *Worcester's Dictionary*, containing a great number of additional words. The Judge said he had not heard of it; "but for God's sake don't tell Choate!" Another Boston lawyer records that Choate, happening to come into court, found the room full of women, and asked whose witnesses they were. "Part are mine, and part are the plaintiff's," answered the lawyer. "Pray tell me which side has the majority?" asked Choate; and, on being told that the speaker had, he replied, "I will give you my word the case is yours. But now," said he, with humorous solemnity, "let me give you my dying advice—never cross-examine a woman. It is of no use. They cannot disintegrate the story they have once told; they cannot eliminate the part that is for you from that which is against you. They can neither combine, nor shade, nor qualify. They go for the whole thing, and the moment you begin to cross-examine one of them, instead of being bitten by a single rattlesnake, you are bitten by a whole barrelful. I never, excepting in a case absolutely desperate, dare to cross-examine a woman." It is a pity that when a great forensic orator, as Choate was, happens also to be a wit, ready at repartee and quick in humorous give-and-take, that it is the memory of his witticisms which survives rather than the recollection of his more serious services. But so it is; and, being so, we regret that Judge Neilson, lavish as he has been in the collection of Choatiana, has not made an even fuller gathering of Choate's characteristic witticisms. We note the omission of Choate's magniloquent address to the lady who sat by him during a performance of an Italian opera; he besought her to "interpret to me this libretto lest I dilate with the wrong emotion." And we miss also the cutting sarcasm with which he is said to have concluded his remarks at a banquet of the leading members of the Philadelphia Bar. Choate as a Boston lawyer had been much chafed by the Philadelphia lawyers, and, presuming on his unwonted silence in retort, they pushed him home more than once. Choate bided his time, and when he made his speech he poured forth a splendid and a splendidly sarcastic eulogy of Philadelphia, ending with a toast to "the two most famous citizens of Philadelphia—to Benjamin Franklin, of Boston, and to Albert Gallatin, of Geneva."

COMPENDIUM OF ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY.*

DR. LUMBY explains in his short preface that this compendium is a substitute for a manual of English Church history between 1688 and 1830 which he long ago promised to write. Other duties made it impossible for him to fulfil his project, and a member of the University who undertook to supply the needed work seems to have been appalled at the difficulty of the task, and to have stopped short in the middle of his labours. This is to be regretted, as Dr. Lumby assures us that he would have provided an excellent handbook. Dr. Lumby's praise of the volume before us cannot be called enthusiastic. He says that it was "offered" to him, and that, after perusing its pages, he thought them "not unsuitable to the purpose for which they were prepared"—namely, to serve as a handbook for candidates for the Ordinary Theological degree, who must pass an examination in this period. Dr. Lumby has made himself partly responsible for its contents by suggesting "some alterations and modifications," and by writing the preface. We could venture a shrewd guess at its character before it was thus altered and modified. It is not only a compilation in every sense of the word, but it is evident that the compiler knew next to nothing of his subject before he began compiling. So we judge from glancing at the "authorities" in whom he has put his trust. Dr. Lumby tells us that "the reader is everywhere referred to authorities from whence he may extend his knowledge at any point where he desires to do so." The term "authorities," when used by the historical lecturer, ought to be exactly defined. The authorities for any period or event of history must be either first-hand or second-hand, contemporary eye-witnesses and chroniclers or later critics and compilers. Of the former class the present writer has made no use whatever, with the sole exception of Bishop Burnet's *Own Times*, upon which he chiefly depends for his chapters on the Revolution epoch and the reign of Anne. A writer who wishes to get a firm grasp of the character and situation of the English Church, and her relation to Rome, to Dissent, and to the State, throughout the last two decades of the seventeenth century, including the Revolution and nearly the whole of the reign of William III., ought to study every one of the masculine and judicious works of Bishop Stillingfleet, and to pay special attention to his long and careful preface. The writer of the "Compendium" has certainly never read a page of them, and his thin and paltry account of Stillingfleet in his chapter on "Theological Literature in the Reigns of William III. and Anne," is clearly not founded on knowledge, but is a mere compilation from a compilation. A man has no right to pretend that he is giving a student a critical account of the theological literature of a period unless he has at least turned over the leaves

* *Compendium of English Church History, from 1688 to 1830*. With a Preface by J. Rawson Lumby, D.D., Norrisian Professor of Divinity. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

of some of the books which he professes to describe, and upon which he confidently sits in judgment.

A chronological *précis* from the gossip of Bishop Burnet can scarcely be regarded as the consultation of a first-hand authority, since everything that Burnet has to tell, at least in the pages of his *Own Times*, has been again and again incorporated, and lies ready to any writer's hand in a whole succession of later histories. If the writer had turned to Burnet's pamphlets of 1688 and 1689, he might have found some instructive contemporary history, although it has more of the *tendenzschriftlich* character of the newspaper article than of history proper. He has, indeed, learned so much about Burnet as to cite him with the prefatory caution that he "is quoted mainly for those points on which he could not fail to be well informed, and wherein his own special leanings would not influence his evidence." The compiler's own "leanings," however, so far as they are manifested, seem to incline in the same direction as Burnet's. And when he forsakes Burnet for some guide with less bias, whither does he turn? Not to any other contemporary writers, for we can scarcely reckon his sparse citations from a book so open to all the world as *Evelyn's Diary*, while his few allusions to Kennett's History and Dalrymple's Memoirs are plainly borrowed at third hand from Canon Perry and from Dr. Stoughton's *Church of the Revolution*. D'Oyley's *Life of Sancroft* has been a great help to him, but it has never occurred to him to look at the materials upon which that capital memoir is founded. His principal guide in his introductory chapter on the Revolution of 1688 is Smyth's "Lectures on Modern History." Indeed, a cursory glance at the not very long list of secondhand authorities upon whom the author relies will be almost sufficient to give any reader moderately instructed in English Church history a fair notion of his book. For political history he refers generally to Mr. Charles Knight, while for the reign of Anne he cites "Stanhope," and for the reigns of the Georges "Lord Mahon." It is a pity, while Dr. Lumby was revising the proofs, that he did not remind the compiler that "Stanhope" and "Lord Mahon" are but two different titles for one and the same person. There is something characteristic in his use of "Lord Mahon." We should have imagined that a writer who was preparing a compendium of Church history in the eighteenth century, when he came to treat of John Wesley, would have taken the trouble to read Wesley's own Journal, or would at least have referred to Coke's or Tyerman's biography. But he cites "Abbey and Overton" as his authority for Wesley's debts to William Law; Lord Mahon's *History of England* is his authority for some of the most rudimentary facts in Wesley's life, and he depends upon Mr. Skeats for the statement that Whitefield found "field preaching more congenial to his temperament than the tamer and more orderly rule of the Church." He appears to be so uncertain of his ground, through neglect to study the proper sources of knowledge, that he is usually afraid to commit himself to a direct statement. Thus he observes that "Wesley is said to have been too severe in his ideas of religious discipline." Who "said" it? A writer so given to citation ought to have told us. He is referring to Wesley's work in Georgia, and if he had spent three minutes upon Wesley's own Journal he would have found himself competent to make a less vague statement. It is not improbable that the confiding student may be confronted at his examination by the question "To whom did Methodism owe its origin?" If the young gentleman tries to remember what he has read in the "Compendium" he will have a choice of answers. On one page his instructor informs him that "the true founder of Wesleyanism was Mrs. Wesley, Julia Wedgewood." This does not, of course, mean that the maiden name of the mother of the Wesleys was Julia Wedgewood, or that Julia Wedgewood founded Methodism, but that the compiler has somewhere or other fallen across a rhetorical observation by Miss Wedgewood, and set it down without asking how much of it is true. In the next page, however, the teacher supplies his disciple with quite a different answer. The alternative founder is "William Law, a clergyman in Northamptonshire, a High Churchman and a Nonjuror, to whom Wesley himself confessed that Methodism owed its origin." We expect to find in a footnote the volume and page, as well as the date, of this confession in Wesley's own words; but, instead of this, we are sent to "Lord Mahon." At the period of Wesley's life in which he was a disciple of William Law, the latter was not "a clergyman in Northamptonshire." He was living at Putney, the centre of a reverent group of disciples. Wesley had utterly revolted against Law before the latter retired to King's Cliffe. When the compiler ventures upon an independent historical statement, he blunders egregiously. He is right enough in calling Peter Böhler a Moravian, but it is rash of him to add that the Moravians were a "newly-founded sect." We have another specimen of the author's complacent reliance upon hearsay when he observes, "The first lay preacher among the Methodists is said to have been Thomas Maxfield." Who "said" it? And why does the writer put it into the uncertain form of a surmise? Nothing is more certain than that the first lay preacher amongst Wesley's followers was Thomas Maxfield; but it had long been the habit among the Dissenters to allow "gifted brethren" to preach. The story of Wesley's consternation at Maxfield's daring to preach at the Foundry during his own absence from London, and his mother's defence of the innovation, is one of the commonplaces of Methodist history. We marvel where and how long the compiler has lived, and with what books he can have prepared himself for his function of teacher of ecclesiastical history, to have missed acquaintance with a tale which has been so often related. He tells

the student that "Wesley was accused of being a Presbyterian-Papist," but he omits to tell him when and why and by whom. As a proof of "the great ignorance which existed as to the real teaching of the Methodists," he says that "they were accused of leanings towards Popery, or towards Puritanism, or towards an ingeniously invented combination of the two." Here he confounds Methodism at two very different stages of its evolution, or confounds the Methodists of two generations. In the middle of the eighteenth century the Wesleys were doubtless taken to be ecclesiastically High Churchmen and politically Jacobites; and the suspicion was then explicable enough. In the end of the century the Methodists were as naturally looked upon as more than half Dissenters, and they were absurdly suspected, as much unprinted secret correspondence in the British Museum shows, of being revolutionary Jacobins. Even the "serious clergy," the early Evangelical fathers, as Edward Vaughan complained in his Life of Thomas Robinson, of St. Mary's, Leicester, came under the same ridiculous suspicion at the close of the century, and he cites Robinson's hearty acceptance of the chaplaincy of the Leicester Volunteer Infantry, on their first enrolment, as a proof of the injustice of the current notion "that the persons usually designed Evangelical clergymen are peculiarly indifferent, if not hostile, to the just influence of Government; in other words, that they are democratically inclined." The italics are his own.

Messrs. Abbey and Overton's careful labours have been of great service to the compiler, and they have kept him straight on many a point where his total ignorance of the original sources must have otherwise led him astray. He has steered with tolerable safety through the history of the Nonjurors by the help of the late Mr. Lathbury's excellent book. But what unlucky fatality led him to select the work of Mr. Skeats, the late historiographer of the Liberation Society, as the safest and most trustworthy of all guides to the history of Dissent from the Revolution to the accession of William IV.? He treats Mr. Skeats everywhere with awful reverence, as an authority too infallible to be questioned. Hence he confounds the cause of Dissent with the cause of the Protestant Succession. The "Compendium" is as full of talk about the persecution of Dissenters as if its purpose were to serve as a handbook for Liberationist lecturers to newly-enfranchised villages rather than for candidates for the ordinary theological degree. It is simply monstrous to ask these young men solemnly to tell their examiner that at the accession of George III. "it had been the object of the Church for two centuries to oppress and destroy the two great bodies of Dissenters from her doctrines." He means the Roman Catholics and the various sects of Protestants. But where is the proof that from 1560 to 1760 this had been "the object of the Church"? We will cite two authorities who are beyond suspicion. Even Bishop Burnet, who was no friend to High Churchmen, asserted again and again, in his pamphlets of 1688 and 1689, that the failure of the private and public proposals for reunion and comprehension up to the date of the Revolution had been all along the fault of the Dissenters, and not of the Church, and it was chiefly by such High Churchmen as Sancroft and Stillingfleet, as Burnet himself grants, that serious attempts at conciliation were made. "This I will positively say," wrote Burnet, "having observed it all narrowly, that he must have the brow of a Jesuit that can cast the great hardships of the Dissenters wholly upon the Church of England, and free the Court from it." "For about nine years together," he says in the same pamphlet, "they had their meetings almost as regularly as the Church had their churches, and in all that time, whatever particular hardships any of them might have met in some parts of England, it cannot be denied that they had the free exercise of their religion." Again, in *A Plain Account of the Persecution laid to the Charge of the Church of England*, we read:—"A reconciliation was always hindered by the Court, who never thought of giving liberty by a law, but only by the prerogative, which could as easily take it away again." He says that James II. discovered that the Archbishop and "several great men both in Church and State" were bent upon a peace with the Dissenters, "which so nettled the King that, meeting with the Archbishop of Canterbury, he said to him, as I perfectly remember, What, my lord, you are for a comprehension? No, said the King, I will keep the Church of England pure and unmixed." The two last Stuart Kings did not love Dissent; but they hated the Church of England as the only possible rival of Rome; and it was their consistent policy, as the above writer states, to "make it their care to get penal Acts passed" against the Dissenters, "though at the same time they hindered their execution." They hoped thus "to keep up both parties at the height of their animosities, and especially to make the Church of England be both hated and despised by the Dissenters." Burnet expressed his surprise and vexation that the old attitude of nonconformity was being resolutely changed for one of definitive separation. "All secret propositions for accommodating our differences," he says, "were so coldly entertained, that they were scarce hearkened to." "Great steps were made to the removing all the occasions of our content; but the leaders of the Dissenters," says Burnet, "made no account of this, and even seemed uneasy at it." Again, "They should not forget how backward the clergy of London especially were to comply with the design of reviving the execution of the laws against the Dissenters, what courses they took to save them from this danger, and what hatred they incurred for being so kind to them! Such things as these ought not to

be forgotten." Yet, in the teeth of such evidence, the compiler of a handbook of the ecclesiastical history of this period has the ignorance or the effrontery to assert that the Dissenters were persecuted by "the Church." The truth is, that the English nation, and especially the English poor, hated puritanical Dissent, and dreaded its recovery of power, from the recollection or tradition of its fearful social tyranny when it had the command of the secular arm. The lightness of the "persecution" was confessed somewhat ironically by the Dissenting ministers who replied to Pierce's *Western Inquisition*. "Notwithstanding all the rage he says has been stirred up against them," they wrote in 1718, "we don't hear that either he or his adherents have suffered so much as the loss of one hair of their heads. If he should now and then have heard a reproachful word from illiterate or rude people as he passed along the streets, it is no more than Dissenting ministers in London may hear every day. Is this such a grievous persecution that the Legislature should be called upon for redress?"

RECENT MUSIC.

"SATIRE," says Horace Smith, "is a glass in which the beholder sees everybody's face but his own." Even if this somewhat negative effect is the only good which results from Mr. F. Corder's exceedingly clever burlesque ballad "Whereas," published by Messrs. J. & W. Chester, of Brighton, it may be hoped that a large number of persons will see their favourite ballad composers' faces truly delineated in its magic mirror. We believe that the words of this typical ballad were written some time ago, and that it is comparatively lately that the author has utilized them in an operetta of his composition; but by publishing the song in a separate form we hope that he will secure the wider circulation deserved by a remarkable piece of good-natured musical satire. Musically it is of much excellence, as indeed is nearly everything from Mr. Corder's pen, and will on this account alone become a favourite song when heard; but the real charm of the composition must, nevertheless, be found in the exquisite fooling of the words, which really are hardly a parody upon some which it has been our lot to inspect. We can best illustrate our meaning by quoting the second verse of this truly touching drawing-room ballad, in which the poet pathetically exclaims:—

All night and day, oh, do I sleep
Or do I simply wake and weep?
No clear idea my brain can keep,
In spite of all endeavour.
I know not if my head's on high,
Or if my heels salute the sky;
I know not if I live or die;
Alas! I am not clever.
Whereas! whereas! &c.

We heartily commend the problem stated in this stanza to the consideration of some of the poetic geniuses who produce the verses for a good many drawing-room ballads we have seen. The style is also commendable, for it is clear, and one can scan the lines; but, above all, the sense of this nonsense, if one may so speak of it, is truly refreshing.

From the same publishers we have received two songs by M. Henri Logé, entitled "The Three Roses," to words by Miss Adelaide Proctor, and "Hope and Love," both very effective compositions, the former being perhaps most likely to become a favourite; while Mr. Leonard Barnes's "Broken Vows" is a pretty sentimental ditty of the kind indicated by its title. Of Mr. John Gledhill's compositions we have before spoken approvingly, and we see no reason for doing otherwise in respect of the artistic little song "Why?" which now lies before us. The melody is a pleasing one, and the composer, without any undue straining for effect, has treated his subject with considerable originality. Mr. B. Lütgen's "Autumn," which he has dedicated to M. Gounod, is a song of rather a dramatic character, albeit the subject is hardly a good one for such treatment. It is difficult to see the necessity for a tremolo accompaniment, an effect always more or less weak on the pianoforte, in describing a wanderer standing on a mountain observing "the pale Autumn pervading the lands." Of pianoforte music from the same firm, Mr. John Gledhill's three graceful little pieces entitled "Album Leaves" are well above the average of such compositions, and display considerable thoughtfulness and musical knowledge; while M. Henri Logé's "Au bord de la mer" is one of those "reveries" which custom may possibly stale. Mr. Farley Newman's "May Breezes" is a brilliant and effective gallop for the pianoforte, and "Golden Days" is a fairly successful essay in the old-world gavotte form; while his grand march, entitled "Boadicea," is a spirited production, not strikingly original in treatment perhaps, but otherwise effective and pleasing. Dr. Frank J. Sawyer's "Two Dances in Slavish Style," arranged as duets by Mr. C. Rowland, will be welcome in this form to those who appreciate the characteristic wildness of the music of Eastern Europe, which Dr. Sawyer has very successfully reproduced; and the same composer's "Christmas Carols," which we have omitted to speak of before, may be heartily recommended as graceful and musically productions in a very different style. Messrs. A. Hammond & Co. have sent us three pianoforte pieces by that prolific writer, Herr Gustav Lange, of Berlin, called "Singer in den Zweigen," "Aus tiefster Seele," and "Tanzscene," the two first of which are pretty specimens of drawing-room music, quite within the powers of ordinary amateurs, while the

last, in polka time, is sprightly and vivacious. Miss Lydie Mitchinson's "Près d'un Monastère" is an easy and pleasing morceau which gives evidence of some talent, and the same may be said of a pretty little "Berceau" from the hand of the same composer. The remaining pieces sent to us by the same publishers are dance music such as "Paquita Valse," by Mr. M. Gilbert, "Night and Morning Waltzes," by Mr. C. H. Stone, and the "Loving Hearts Waltzes," by Louis Lamar, and two polkas, "La Piquante," by Mr. H. E. Lath, and "Longchamps Polka," by E. F. d'Egville, all of which will be found useful for the purpose for which they are written.

From Messrs. Metzler & Co. we have "Puck," Danse de Ballet, by Miss Caroline Lowthian, a graceful trifle, not difficult in performance, and a batch of dance music, of which the "Polonaise," by Mr. J. Hoffman, and "See-Saw Waltz," by A. G. Crowe, a set of waltzes to which words of a somewhat trivial kind are intended to be sung, may be worthy of mention. These last seem to have achieved some success at the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, and will doubtless be appreciated by those who like this sort of music. "Sweet Violets Waltz" and "Holly Galop," by Mr. P. Bucalossi, and "Méphisto Polka," by Mr. Percy Reeves, will be found useful in their place.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

TWO volumes have been added to M. Dentu's cheap collection of French classics—the cheapest, perhaps (especially considering that print and paper are really comely), of all the numerous collections of the kind, though not exactly the best selected. No one, however, can take exception to the present additions to the list; and one of them, the Beaumarchais (1), only needs mention. The other contains Mirabeau's letters from Vincennes to Sophie de Monnier after the pair had been arrested in Holland and separated from one another (2). These are not quite so well known in England as they deserve. Carlyle, it may be remembered, describes them as "a book which fair sensibility (rather in a private way) loves to weep over," and as "good love letters of their kind," though he declines himself to weep over them "to any considerable extent." They are, in fact, a little too boisterous to be touching, though Mirabeau's passion is evidently quite genuine of its kind. There is little crudity of expression in them, though there is some, and on the whole they are less valuable intrinsically than as biographical documents, as illustrative of that inexhaustibly amusing thing eighteenth-century sensibility, and as illustrating further the very curious homage to morality which so many immoral persons pay by persistently endeavouring to make out that their immorality is moral after all. Sir Walter Scott somewhere wonders, with an agreeably affected *naïveté*, why no Restoration dramatist had the courage to "make his characters happy in their own way." Similarly one wonders very much why Mirabeau, who certainly had no religious scruples, and is not generally thought to have been nice in matters of morals, should have laboriously endeavoured to make out that Sophie was by higher law his wife and not Monnier's. Persons who moralize on morals might find, and indeed probably have found, useful matter for meditation in this paradox.

We shall hardly be wrong in thinking that the postponement for seventeen years of the appearance of an edition of Cousin's "History of Philosophy" (3), which, it seems, he prepared himself before his death, is not entirely unconnected with the rapid decline of the author's philosophical reputation. Perhaps, as is usually the case, the injustice of the fall is not much less conspicuous than the injustice of the rise. As far as concerns the present subject, there is no doubt that Cousin's History is very much the best history of philosophy in small compass and written continuously; that it is, for instance, vastly superior to Lewes's narrow and inadequate summary. But, on the other hand, Cousin's specious but shallow thought is peculiarly likely to convey to the student the most fatal of all ideas—the idea that he understands when he does not understand. The present edition appears under the care of the evergreen M. Barthélemy St-Hilaire; but it is understood that the whole, or almost the whole, of the revision which has been bestowed on it is the author's own. M. St-Hilaire admits that this revision, though not small, was chiefly verbal, the main exception being the insertion of some pages on the philosophy of the fathers of the Church to supply the links between the Neo-Platonist and Scholastic periods. The devotees of indices ought to be very happy with this book, for there are more than seventy pages of index (besides ample tables of contents), in a volume which contains but little more than six hundred as a whole. Thus the student who is cramming philosophy, or the man of letters who wishes to appear learned on the subject, can turn up what Cousin said about Scotus Erigena or Telesio in no time. That, some wicked people say, is the chief use of an index.

It is difficult to imagine a book which would have more irritated Gautier (at that period when his mother used to lock him into his

(1) *Bibliothèque des chefs-d'œuvre—Beaumarchais: Le barbiere de Séville, Le mariage de Figaro, La mère coupable.* Paris: Dentu.

(2) *Bibliothèque des chefs-d'œuvre—Mirabeau: Lettres d'amour à Sophie.* Paris: Dentu.

(3) *Histoire générale de la philosophie.* Par Victor Cousin. Onzième édition. Paris: Perrin.

room each day until he had written a proper proportion of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* than M. Bourdeau's volume. (4) Its sub-title is "Progrès de la puissance humaine," and in its pages we read all about tools from the earliest to the latest, and hydraulic rams, and gas, and electricity, and steam-engines, and sewing-machines, and nitro-glycerine, and hot-blast furnaces, and pneumatic tubes, and all the rest of it. To do M. Bourdeau justice, he is learned, full, and precise, contrives to insert a vast amount of very well arranged matter in a by no means cumbrous book, gives his references with laudable exactness, and as a rule resists the temptation to tall talk about progress, except in a little peroration and here and there in the text.

A version of Herr Sacher Masoch's *Hadaska* (5) has the better claim to notice in that the British translator, a wayward and eccentric animal, has as yet little favoured the Galician novelist. *Hadaska* is not the most favourable specimen of his work that we have met, but it is characteristic enough in its quaint and somewhat laboured humour, its pessimism, and its general oddity, which last is perhaps the most appropriate word for Herr Sacher Masoch and his school.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WHEN we say that Dr. Verres's *Luther* (Burns & Oates) is a Roman Catholic view of the Reformer, we have sufficiently indicated the character of his book. The author has published it as a counterblast to the outbreak of Protestant enthusiasm excited by the late celebrations in Germany. As a German Catholic he not unnaturally refuses to accept Luther as the national hero. He has accordingly an intelligible motive for writing, and he has done his work well from his own point of view; but his book is not the less a monument of wasted labour. It will persuade nobody, as Dr. Verres indeed foresees, and it will teach nobody. His adversaries have heard it all before with disbelief, and his friends were firmly persuaded of its truth already. Of course Dr. Verres makes many good points. It is easy for him to show that Luther was often inconsistent, that he sometimes made unworthy concessions to the political necessities of his cause, and that he was addicted to the use of shockingly violent language. All this is true; but even those of us who do not look at the Reformer's history through evangelical spectacles may doubt whether it amounts to much. It is not by virtue of logic that men exercise great influence; the kind of virtue which is without stain is not found in this world except on the stage, or perhaps in a cloister; and as for the bad language, Luther lived at a time when two literary gentlemen could not differ about a Greek accent without bringing ugly accusations of an extraneous character against one another. We are content to take the test rather rashly offered by Dr. Verres, and judge the tree by its fruits. Luther and his work must be estimated by the light of the subsequent history of Germany. Has the Catholic or the Protestant half of the nation the better record to show in politics, war, science, and literature during the last three centuries? That, to take the Frenchman's favourite quotation, is the question. But, though we cannot agree with Dr. Verres in his estimate of Luther's character, and though his method seems to us to be radically unphilosophical and unjust, we think that he has done his work well according to his lights. He has studied his subject and laboured at his facts. His quotations have been chosen under the influence of hostile feeling, but they are not garbled. On one occasion only does he suppress anything—an important qualifying clause in one of Luther's startling pronouncements on the subject of marriage, and even then the original Latin is given in the notes.

Books which are written to illustrations are generally not worth either praising or blaming. *Little People of Asia* (Griffith & Farran), by Miss O. T. Miller, plainly came into existence because of the plates; but it is the work of a competent person. Miss Miller writes as well as existing knowledge on the children of Asia, from Turkey to Japan, allows her. As she complains, travellers have been so occupied with the fathers and mothers that they have had little attention to spare for the children of these countries. The author has creamed the works of a good many of them; and, when other matter fails, she fills up the gaps with stories of geni and magic chairs and beautiful princesses. The plates are taken from good sources, and fairly printed.

Sir E. Sullivan would do well to revise the confession of faith given in the preface to his *Stray Shots* (Longmans & Co.) In one article he says, "When a man claims to have greater humanity, or a higher sense of right or wrong, than his neighbours, I simply don't believe him. A man who parades his motives may generally be written down a rogue." A few lines further on we find the following:—"England is the land of Prigs, of Pecksniffs, of Uriah Heeps, of Pharisees of all kinds." Now of two things the one. Either Sir E. Sullivan is the like of these neighbours of his, and then what are we to say to him? or he professes himself better than his fellow-sinners, and then he comes under his own ban. The whole book is full of the swashing style of writing dear to your hard-headed sensible man, who finds it easy to look at a quarter of a thing at a time, and mistakes strong language for strong argument.

M. Yves Guyot is already well known to English readers as a

(4) *Les forces de l'industrie*. Par Louis Bourdeau. Paris: Alcan.

(5) *Hadaska*. Par Sacher Masoch. Traduit par A. Lavallé. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

writer on economic subjects, and a translation of his chief work, by Mr. C. H. d'Eyncourt Leppington (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), need only be mentioned. Mr. Leppington's version appears to us to be accurate, though a little wooden. M. Guyot might have suppressed his "Preface to the English Edition," which is little more than a lament over the recent revival of protectionist feeling in France. Another translation which we must confine ourselves to barely noticing is Mr. E. Bell's *Early and Miscellaneous Correspondence of J. W. Goethe* (Bell & Sons). The short biography at the beginning is, as Mr. Bell himself says, only a *précis* of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. Without undertaking to decide on its merits in detail, we have to complain that the translation has the common fault of showing traces of the idiom of the original.

It is a sad fact that the sea-story, particularly when it is meant for boys, seems to be uniformly written on the model of the late Mr. W. H. G. Kingston. *The African Cruiser* (Griffith & Farran) is very much that style of story. It contains mids and adventures with slavers and sharks, but it does not contain any fun, and the terrors are not terrible.

Trowel, Chisel, and Brush (Griffith & Farran), by Mr. H. Grey, is a remarkable feat of its kind. It is probably the most tightly-packed handbook published in this age of compressed handbooks. In eighty-nine small pages (seven of them being index) it undertakes to give an historical account of the rise and progress of architecture, sculpture, and painting, ancient and modern. The statement of the object is criticism enough. Mr. J. L. Bevir, M.A., has written a thin Guide to Orvieto (Stanford). It belongs to the class of handy and readable guide-books for which the publisher is famous. Dr. J. Mortimer Granville, M.D., puts his rules for keeping oneself in health into a neat pamphlet entitled "Nerves and Nerve Troubles" (Allen & Co.) Of new editions our list contains *Observations on the Rule of the Road at Sea*, by Thomas Gray, a fourth edition and tenth thousand (Pewtress & Co.), and *Oliver Twist*, in the Miniature Library of Prose Authors (Kent & Co.) The edition is of neat 12mo.-size paper, bound, printed on toned paper in a type which is at once very small and clear. We have also received copies of sixpenny paper-bound editions of *The Sword of Damocles*, *Hand and Rung*, and *A Strange Disappearance*, three novels by the author of *The Leavenworth Case* (Ward, Lock, & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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 Dublin Castle, on or before the 25th October, in order that the same may be submitted
 to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The Candidate who may be selected for the above
 Professorship will have to enter upon his duties forthwith.
 Dublin Castle, 4th October, 1884.

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 be sent on or before November 10. The Election will take place on or before December 3.
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 Grocers' Hall,
 October, 1884.

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FRED. A. EATON, Secretary.

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 All Tenders must be delivered before Twelve o'clock on the said day of Tuesday, and the
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FINANCIAL INFORMATION, JUNE 1, 1884:

Total Funds	£3,148,166
Total Annual Income	£343,271
Total Amount of Claims upon Death	£2,878,688
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus ...	£437,347

NO AGENTS EMPLOYED AND NO COMMISSION PAID.

BONUS.—£437,347 was distributed amongst 7,882 Policies at the Tenth Quinquennial Division of Profits. Of these 1,070 were then, by means of Bonus, not only altogether freed from the payment of Annual Premiums, but had, in almost every case, additions made to the sums originally assured.

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Other Funds	£1,000,000
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Total Annual Premium Income exceeds	£1,500,000
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Fire Premiums
Life Premiums	£250,000
Interest	£41,000
Accumulated Funds	£2,800,000

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October 8, 1884.

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